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THE BYSTANDER,
MAY 19, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

CORONATION NUMBER 2/-

"Though I'm changing my status, I'm not changing from North British"

says JACK Mc LEAN

Famous International Golfer

Buchanan Castle Golf Club,
DRYMEN.

1st March, 1937.

The North British Rubber Co. Ltd.,
Castle Mills,
EDINBURGH.

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I attribute much of my success in the golfing world to the "North British" Golf Ball. Its greatest assets are its long steady flight from tee to green and wonderful control on and around the green. I have always played North British since 1930: though I'm changing my status, I'm not changing from North British

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The Bystander, May 19, 1937 No. 1744 Vol CXXXIV.

The Bystander

His Majesty the King

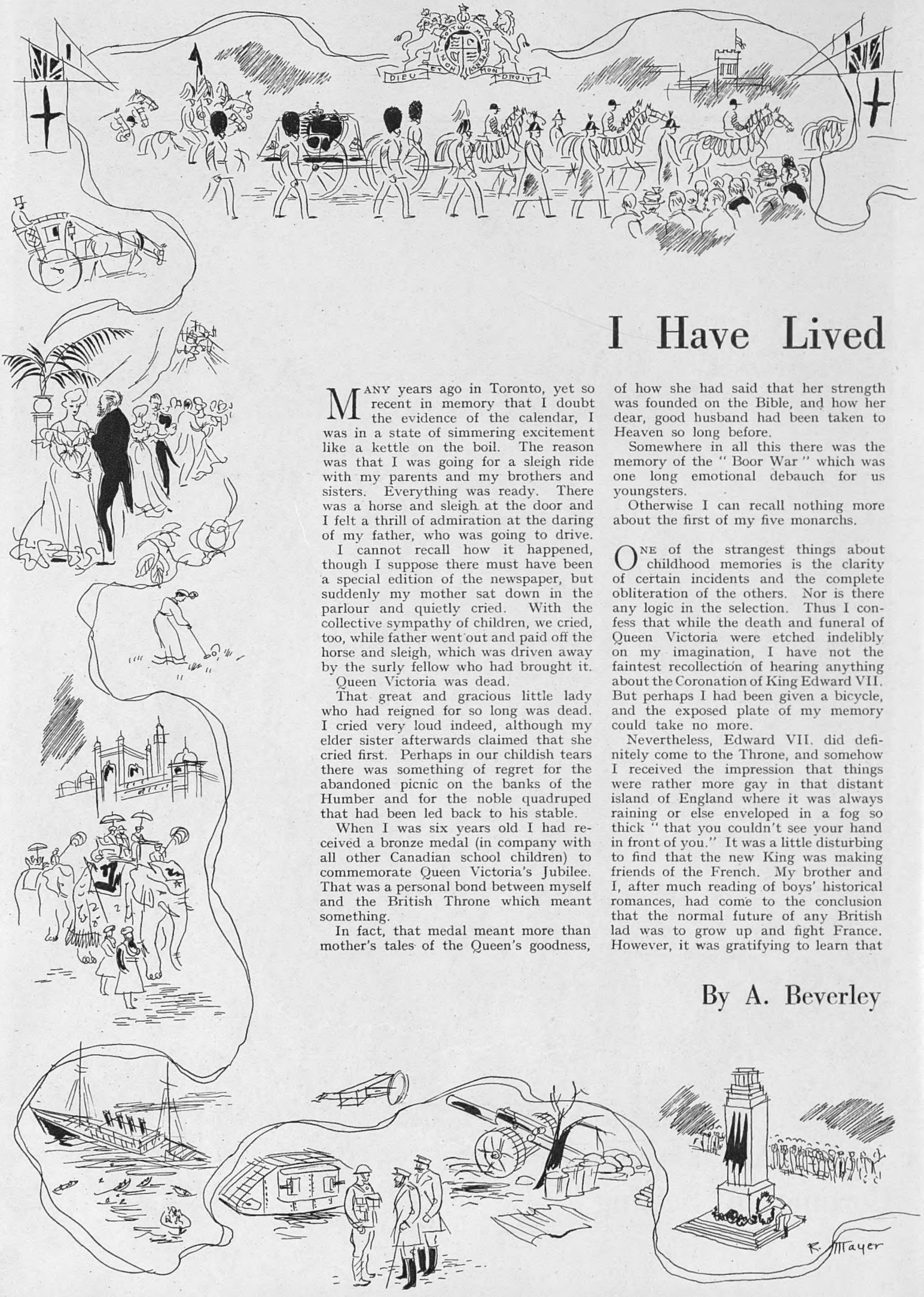
A photograph by John Everard of the bronze by Felix Weiss, the well-known Viennese sculptor

Her Majesty the Queen : *a Portrait by Charles Willis*

Norman Parkinson

Coronation Setting

The Towers of Westminster Abbey from the Cloisters



I Have Lived

By A. Beverley

MANY years ago in Toronto, yet so recent in memory that I doubt the evidence of the calendar, I was in a state of simmering excitement like a kettle on the boil. The reason was that I was going for a sleigh ride with my parents and my brothers and sisters. Everything was ready. There was a horse and sleigh at the door and I felt a thrill of admiration at the daring of my father, who was going to drive.

I cannot recall how it happened, though I suppose there must have been a special edition of the newspaper, but suddenly my mother sat down in the parlour and quietly cried. With the collective sympathy of children, we cried, too, while father went out and paid off the horse and sleigh, which was driven away by the surly fellow who had brought it.

Queen Victoria was dead.

That great and gracious little lady who had reigned for so long was dead. I cried very loud indeed, although my elder sister afterwards claimed that she cried first. Perhaps in our childish tears there was something of regret for the abandoned picnic on the banks of the Humber and for the noble quadruped that had been led back to his stable.

When I was six years old I had received a bronze medal (in company with all other Canadian school children) to commemorate Queen Victoria's Jubilee. That was a personal bond between myself and the British Throne which meant something.

In fact, that medal meant more than mother's tales of the Queen's goodness, of how she had said that her strength was founded on the Bible, and how her dear, good husband had been taken to Heaven so long before.

Somewhere in all this there was the memory of the " Boor War " which was one long emotional debauch for us youngsters.

Otherwise I can recall nothing more about the first of my five monarchs.

ONE of the strangest things about childhood memories is the clarity of certain incidents and the complete obliteration of the others. Nor is there any logic in the selection. Thus I confess that while the death and funeral of Queen Victoria were etched indelibly on my imagination, I have not the faintest recollection of hearing anything about the Coronation of King Edward VII. But perhaps I had been given a bicycle, and the exposed plate of my memory could take no more.

Nevertheless, Edward VII. did definitely come to the Throne, and somehow I received the impression that things were rather more gay in that distant island of England where it was always raining or else enveloped in a fog so thick " that you couldn't see your hand in front of you." It was a little disturbing to find that the new King was making friends of the French. My brother and I, after much reading of boys' historical romances, had come to the conclusion that the normal future of any British lad was to grow up and fight France. However, it was gratifying to learn that

in Five Reigns

the King had been styled the "peace-maker," even if it sounded a little dull. Mother was not sure he was a good man—at least, not so good a man as Victoria was a woman. On this I could express no opinion, although I felt it unlikely that he was "a bad man," a title reserved in my mind only for Indians and hold-up ruffians.

Somewhere during these thoughts I learned with excitement that the Duke and Duchess of York were going to drive through the streets of Toronto. As they were to be our future King and Queen, we turned out bedecked with ribbons and carrying Union Jacks. On the whole, it was a disappointment. A mounted policeman, a detachment of cavalry, then an open carriage with a rather sad-eyed man bowing to one side and a lovely lady in grey and a white hat bowing to the other. Facing them sat two aides-de-camp, looking very English, rather supercilious and terribly superior. It only took a minute to pass and was on no account to be compared in interest with a circus parade. Yet I liked the lady in grey and I felt a little sorry for the gentleman with the sad eyes.

But things were speeding up. No longer was I a child when days moved like long, weary years and the last week before Christmas or the summer holidays seemed an eternity almost insupportable.

So memory leaps to the year 1908, when it was announced that there would be a great Tercentenary Celebration at Quebec. It seemed as distant as Hong Kong to-day. My brother had a plan. The Territorial regiments were taking on recruits to bring themselves up to strength. We went to the Armouries and signed on with the Queen's Own Rifles and were duly issued with uniforms. Three nights a week we were drilled and taught which was one's right foot and which the left—a piece of knowledge that seemed hardly worth the effort of acquiring.

Then to Quebec on a train that was crowded to the luggage racks, and an exciting, desperately uncomfortable night trying to sleep on half a hard seat. But it was worth it.

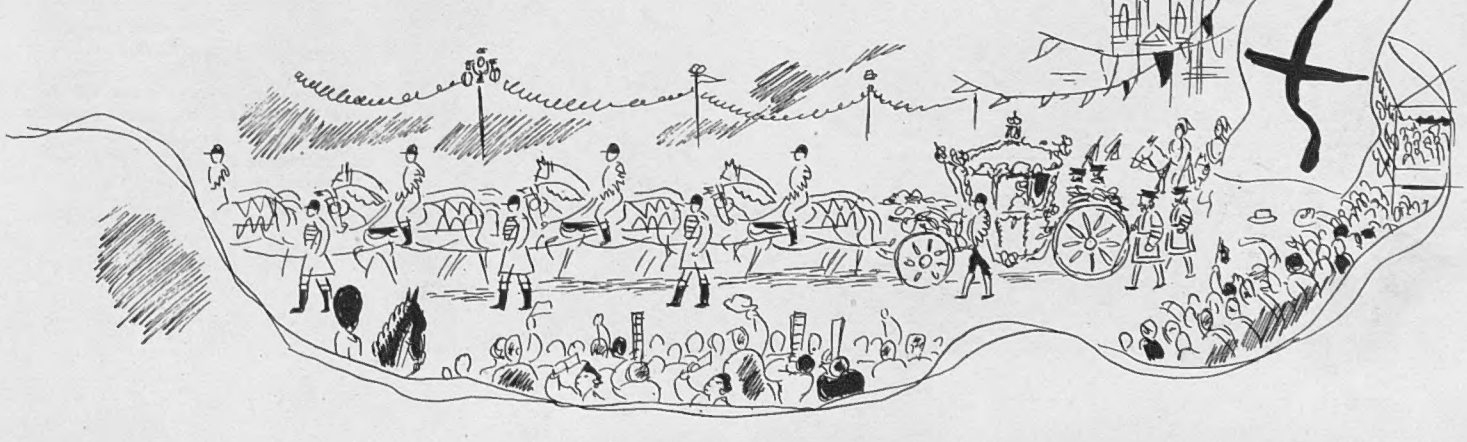
Quebec was en fête and the air was charged with history and romance. In the river were British warships ominously grey in the daytime but lit up at night with necklaces of gleaming lights. There were French warships, too, with strange bearded sailors with funny little caps like that worn by a monkey on an organ. And there were American warships painted white as if they couldn't make up their minds whether they were battleships or pleasure yachts.

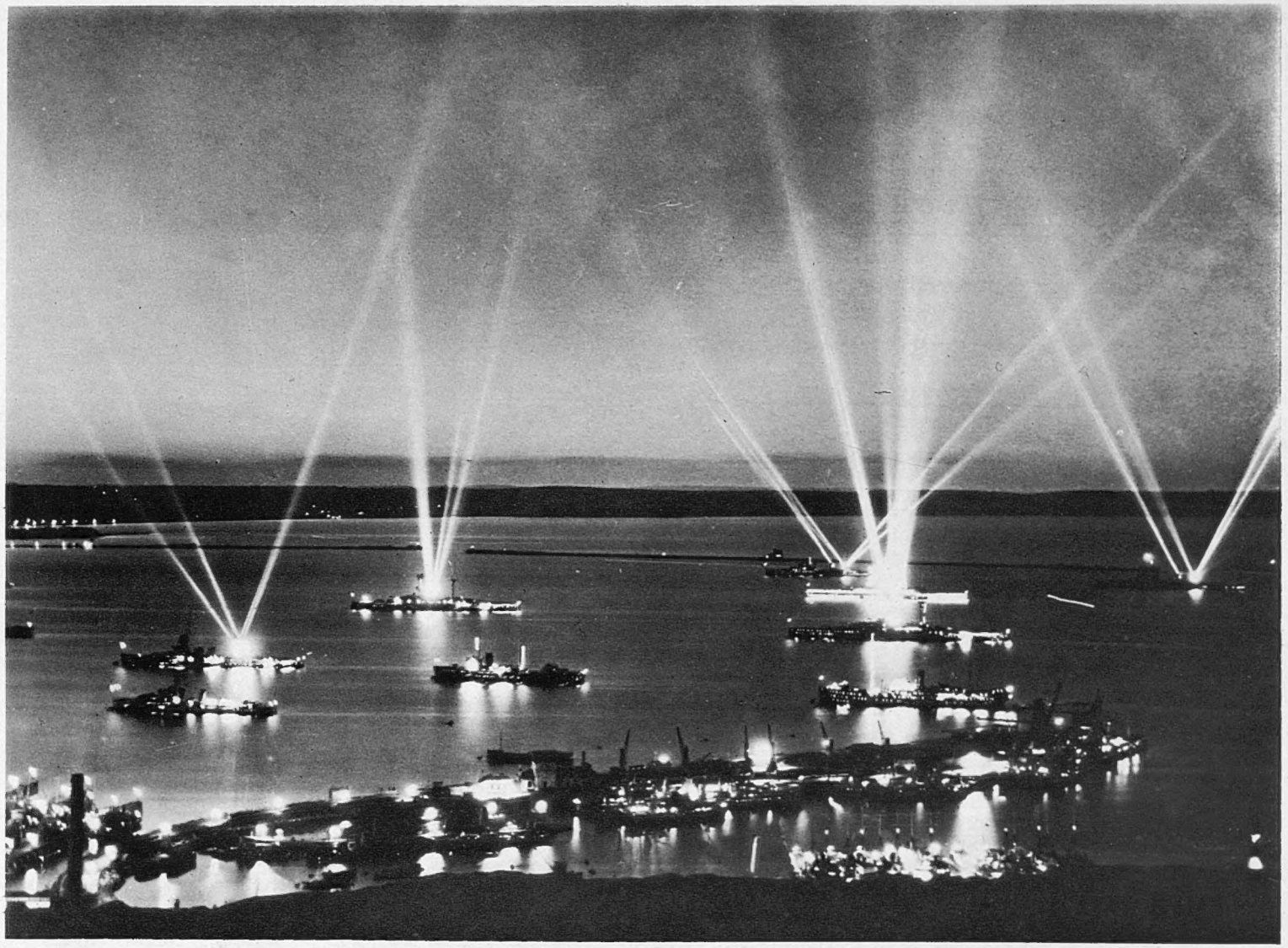
The world had gathered at Quebec, and my boyhood eyes gazed awestruck and fascinated at the spectacle. Some day, perhaps, I would save some money so that I could cross the ocean and see the countries that lay beyond it.

On the third day we had our great march-past on the Plains of Abraham, where long ago the fleur-de-lys went down to the roses of England and La Pompadour said: "And what does it matter?"

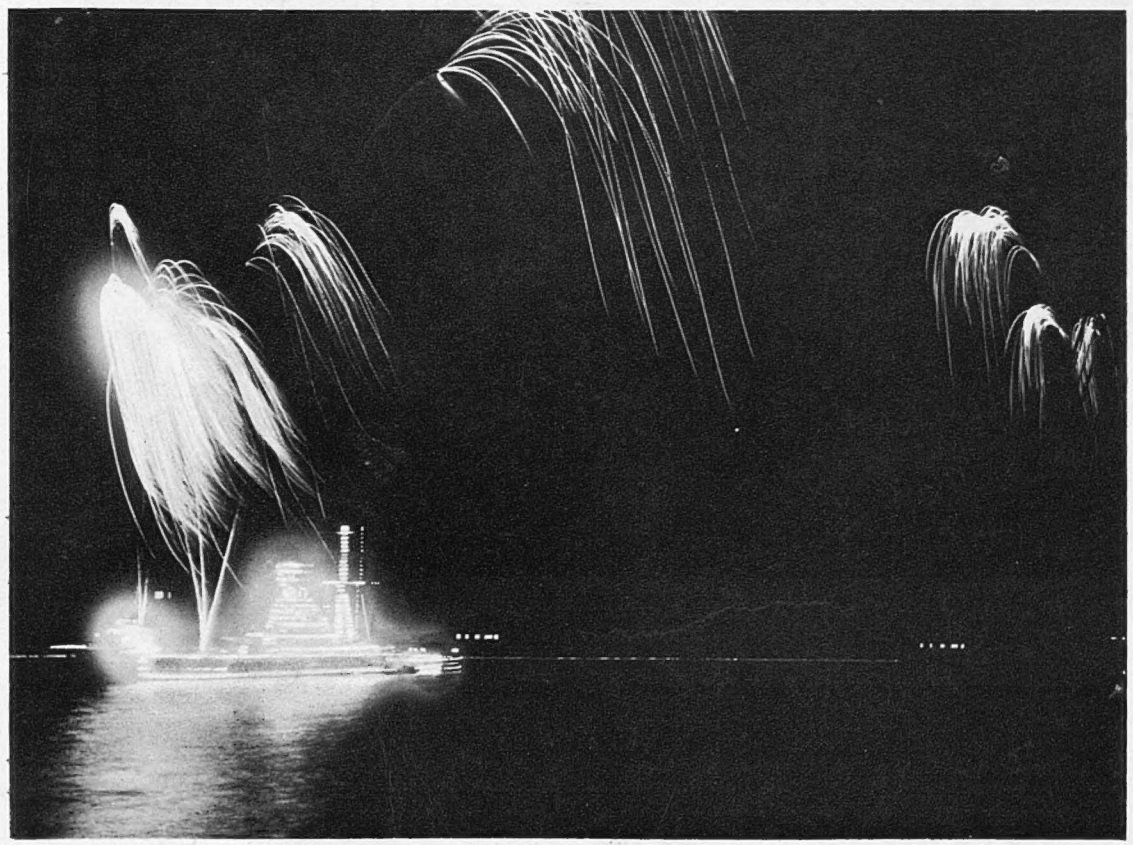
(*Continued on page 396*)

Baxter, M.P.





Portland Harbour Greets the Night Sky



Fire and Water

A Rehearsal for the Review at Spithead

On the 20th of this month the eight-days'-crowned King will review his Navy at Spithead, visiting the flagships the day after: at night the floodlit ships will give a display of fireworks and searchlights. These rehearsal pictures were taken at Portland and might inspire naval men to say, "What a menace to aircraft!", while the airmen reply, "What a target!"

Lenare

The Duke of Buccleuch—Lord Steward

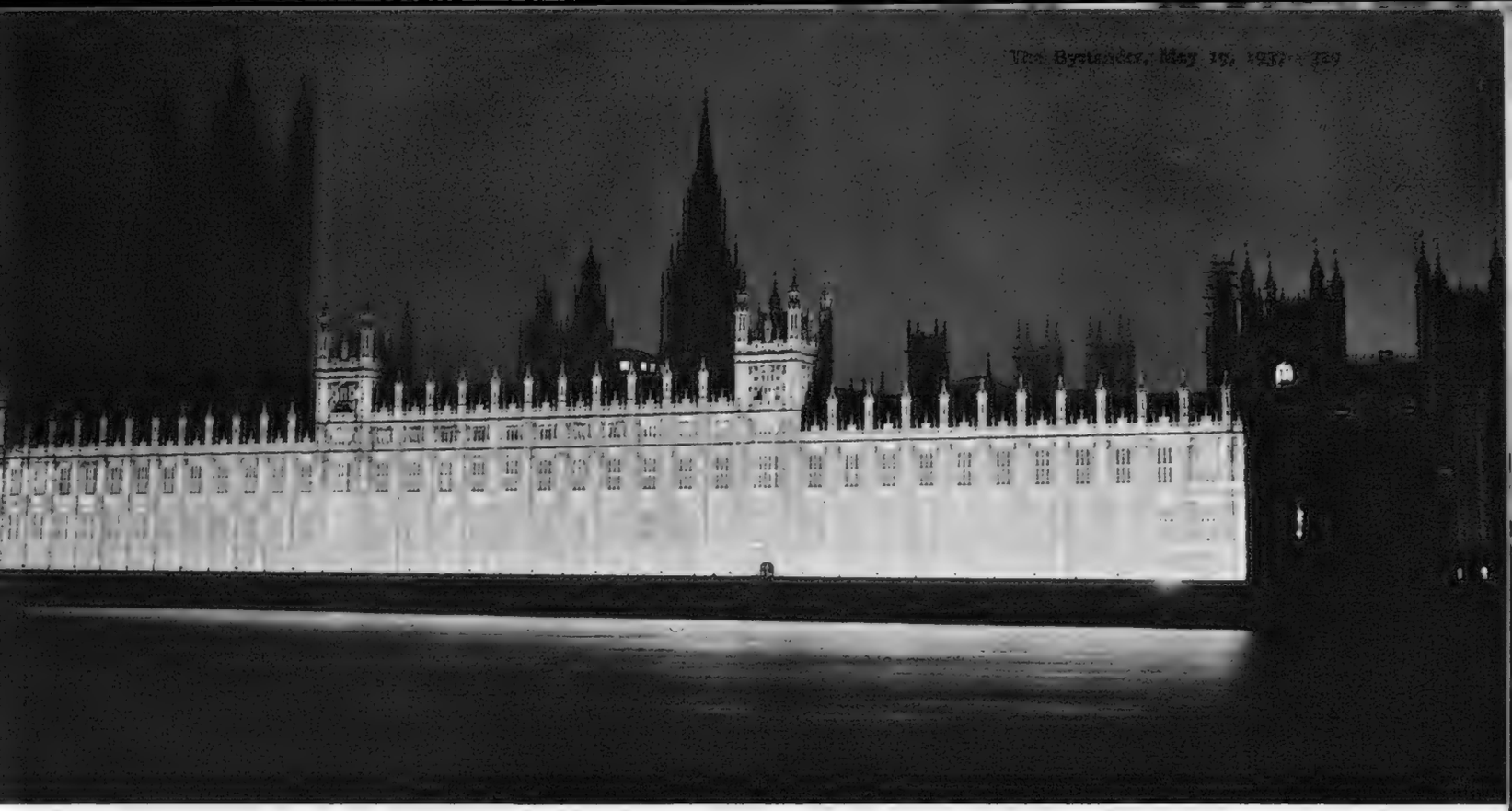
The Duke of Buccleuch as Lord Steward is the second member, after the Lord Chamberlain, of the King's Household; in the Coronation Procession into Westminster Abbey, the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Steward walk together, followed by their pages carrying their coronets. The Duchess of Buccleuch also took part in the ceremony as one of the Bearers of the Canopy for the Queen's Anointing. The Duke succeeded as eighth of Buccleuch and tenth of Queensberry in 1935; as Lord Dalkeith he was M.P. for Roxburgh and Selkirk from 1923 to 1935. He is Lord-Lieutenant of Roxburghshire, Deputy-Lieutenant for two more counties, a Freeman of Hawick, a Governor of the Bank of Scotland, a Brigadier Vice-Member of the Royal Company of Archers, Master of the Hunt that carries his name. He served in the War in the Grenadier Guards. He owns five places in Scotland, one in Northamptonshire, Boughton House, where his brother-in-law and sister, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, spent their honeymoon, and a house in London. His heir is the thirteen-year-old Earl of Dalkeith

Coronation London, Day and Night

Three Bonds of Empire

The River

The Thames, whose port and bridges were the seed of this huge city, is a sentimental bond not only among those who have known its dirty banks, but those who have only read of it. Along the Victoria Embankment from Westminster to Northumberland Avenue the procession passed and the river was lined with all kinds of craft carrying seating accommodation. The view of the pageant through the dolphin-supported lamp standards and the plane trees was picturesque, if indistinct



The Houses of Parliament, their Victorian-Gothic façade floodlit for the first time in history, are seen from the river. Although Parliament's legal power as a bond of Empire has now been made over to its grown-up Dominion children, a tradition of leadership remains

The Legislature

Below: The Palace

Buckingham Palace, which the General Electric Company turned into a blaze of light, was, with the Abbey, the focal point of the day; the home (that peculiar English word) of the first family in the Empire, it stands as a symbol of the great bond of loyalty

Miss Gronvold and Lady Ely

Valerie Gordon Gronvold was presented by her sister, the Marchioness of Ely. She wore a white and silver dress and Lady Ely wore silver lamé with a gold belt

The Hon. Mariegold Howard

Mariegold Fitzalan-Howard is the eldest daughter of Lord Howard of Glossop and Baroness Beaumont

Lady Lisburne and Her Daughters

Lady Honor Vaughan was presented by her mother, the Countess of Lisburne. Standing between them is Lady Gloria Fisher, the Lisburnes' eldest daughter

Debutantes at the First Court

Patricia Morrison-Bell and Her Mother

The Hon. Lady Morrison-Bell presented her younger daughter, Patricia, who is as attractively brunette as her sister, Shelagh, is attractive and fair

Lord and Lady Sandhurst and Their Daughter

The Hon. Valerie Mansfield is Lord and Lady Sandhurst's only daughter and a 1937 debutante. The Sandhursts' London house is in Queen's Gate Gardens, and they also have a house at Sheringham, in Norfolk

Lady Daphne Hay

Is the third of the Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale's four daughters; she wore white crêpe with silver leaves on the bodice and train

Imperial Lunch Party: the King and His Ministers

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

The King welcomed all the Empire Prime Ministers and all the delegates to the Imperial and Empire Parliamentary Conferences at the huge luncheon party at Westminster Hall before the Coronation. Four hundred million people were represented there since the delegates include members of Government and Opposition parties throughout the Empire. The King, both before and after his speech of welcome, received a tremendous ovation

THE Coronation is over. The ceremony has taken place which dates back in unbroken succession—save only for the brief interlude of Oliver Cromwell—to the days of the Saxon kings. The largest Empire which the world has ever seen was focussed for one moment upon the thousand-year-old ceremony in the Abbey, when the actual crown itself symbolised all that the Crown means to four hundred million people.

WHAT exactly is the Crown? What part does it play in our lives? Does it, in fact, play any part in our lives? The answer, I think, is that the Crown sets a standard. It means that in the centre of the Empire there is a man, and now happily again, a woman, who can do no wrong. There is a high-water-mark of social duty at which everyone can aim. There is a small "enclave" in a wild and feverish life, where the keynote is disinterestedness. In a world where everyone is out to reap material benefits, to "cash in" on every possible occasion, there are two people who toil endlessly without thought of material reward.

THE Crown has created a tradition of self-sacrifice and unselfishness. It is not a long tradition, but it has become a very strong one. History will probably say that it was not really begun until the latter part of the reign of Queen Victoria, and that it was not established on an enduring basis until the reign of George V. Certainly Victoria in the early part of her reign did not have quite the same ideas about her people that she had at the time, say, of her Diamond Jubilee, and certainly the first four Georges had no notion of self-sacrifice. Edward the Seventh was probably the critical link in the story, receiving the beginnings of the tradition and passing it on to the man who built it up upon a solid rock.

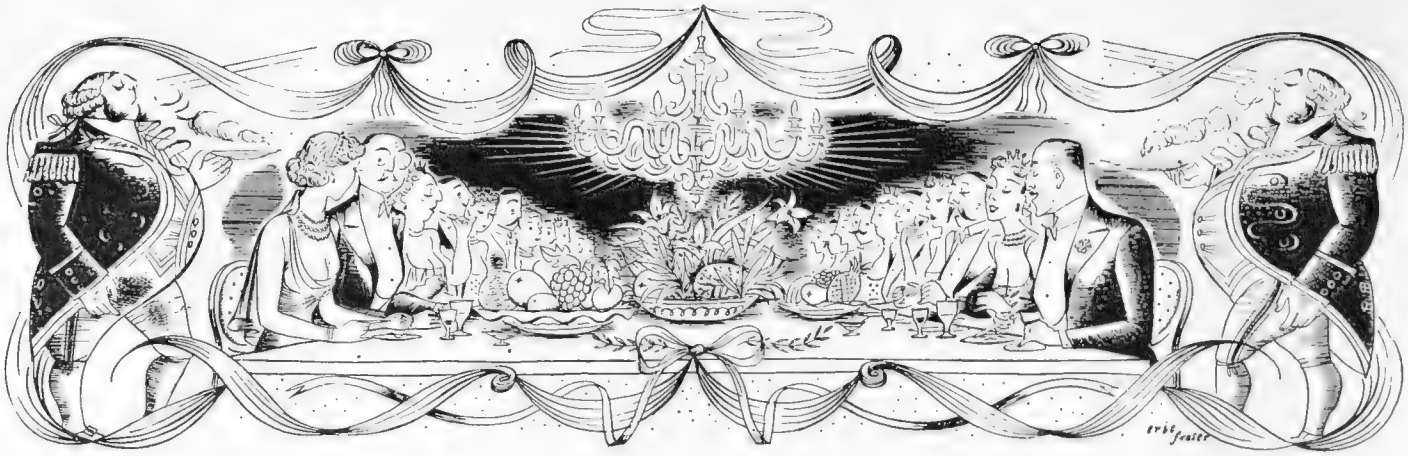
IT will, I think, be the verdict of posterity that the Constitutional Monarchy was in fact the creation of King George V. and Queen Mary. It was they who set up this standard of disinterestedness for the whole Empire. It was they who invented the idea that a king could be simultaneously, in some mysterious way, royal, aristocratic, and bourgeois. And, of course, this idea is completely in accord with the English sense of illogical compromise which is the despair of logical peoples like the French.

IT is owing to the twenty-five years' reign of George V. that there is no republican sentiment in Great Britain. At the beginning of the century there might have been a republican movement. Now there is none. Now that the country has seen what a constitutional monarchy can be, no one in their senses would want to exchange it for a Presidency. Again there is no logic in the position. A President of a democratic State is chosen by the votes of the people for his personality or for the merits of his policy, and so he ought to command more respect than a man who owes his position simply to the fact that he is the son of his father. But in Britain, no President would ever be more than a dummy, whereas our Monarchy is a romantic and exciting institution.

THE Civil List has just been published, and the King is to be paid, as before, £410,000 a year. I rather fancy that the President of the United States gets £15,000. Here is an opportunity for republicans all over the world to draw comparisons. But they do not consider the cost of the American Presidential election, which takes place every four years. It may cost, quite apart from the dislocation of trade, and the indirect damage to the interests of the nation, anything up to three or four million pounds. And if the new President is of a different party to the old, there is a clean sweep of all the permanent officials throughout the Federal offices. This alone causes an immense dislocation of public affairs.

COMPARE that with the smoothness of monarchy. Le Roi est mort: vive le roi. As for the £410,000, which Red orators on soap-boxes make a fuss about, it was as fine a bargain as the taxpayer ever made. The Crown used to own certain lands. The income from those lands used to maintain the Crown. But it was a fluctuating income, and it was decided in the nineteenth century to stabilise the Crown's income by selling the lands to the State. The result of the deal was that the State now pays

(Concluded on page 334)



Coronation Social Route

Conducted Tour of the Best Parties and Party Givers in Coronation Year

By Mirón

MEET Britannia, earth's leading hostess, a worldly old lady who is keeping late hours this summer in a record-breaking season. Our newsreel commentator will now take you on a tour of her Best Parties on the Social Route . . .

Official magnificence comes first, and receiving for Britain last week were Foreign Secretary and Mrs. Eden, who awaited the King and Queen at the Horse Guards entrance before ascending that awe-full staircase to the banquet, a small one of about fifty, mostly for the foreign delegates. This was held in the Red dining-room, behind the Locarno Room (of mixed memories). Afterwards all went on to the Buckingham Palace Ball, of which we have been given exhaustive (and exhausting) accounts. The first State Banquet on the previous Monday saw five hundred guests, including Kings, future Kings, Royal visitors and diplomats dining, with a high reception afterwards. Many went on to the Speaker's reception for 2500 in the Houses of Parliament, Mrs. Algernon Fitzroy as hostess, with a fairy-land view of the floodlit river scene. . . . And over 1200 are bidden to the evening reception for the King and Queen at County Hall next week, when most of them will get lost in those endless corridors of our largest building. There will be buffets at every turn for the faint-hearted. . . .

Next week, too, sees Mrs. Baldwin's famous cook hard at work for a small, " very private " dinner for their Majesties at 10, Downing Street. The host will then conduct them from that famous doorway—Hollywood keeps a perfect reproduction in stock always handy—up the narrow staircase hung with prints to the panelled dining-room on the first floor, where the portraits of past Prime Ministers look down. This house is one of London's largest, though it doesn't look it.

To-day's official hostess to our Sovereigns is the busiest of them all, the Lady Mayoress, Lady Broadbridge, who receives about 700 guests at Guildhall (never " the " Guildhall, solemn officials warn), where they lunch in the Gothic but chilly splendour of our ancient Rathaus. The exalted ones sit on a dais above the salt, while the baron of beef is piped in and a mediæval time is had by all. A further 1400 guests will sit outside and hungrily watch the great ones of this earth arrive and depart—a feast fit for Tantalus. . . .

Mrs. Anthony Eden

She and her husband entertained the King and Queen at the Foreign Office last week

Mrs. Stanley Baldwin

Next Tuesday their Majesties dine with the Prime Minister and Mrs. Baldwin at 10, Downing Street

Lady Broadbridge

The Lady Mayoress and her husband receive the King and Queen to-day at Guildhall

PITY the diplomats, for they need to be in good training this summer as most of the embassies and legations face the serious problem of " what to do with Our Legation." What indeed, for London is the most difficult capital of all for diplomats. Not only is it unusual for the embassy staff, apart from the chief, and perhaps a popular counsellor, to be invited out, but our native laziness and natural reluctance to produce our (wagon-lit) French further add to the difficulties in trying to amuse the delegation. As a result, the legations take the easy course of entertaining each other. Some distinguished guests will take away a curious impression that there are few English people in London society. Of course there are some famous exceptions. Baron Franckenstein broke the ice last Thursday with his delightful party, Tauber singing, and perhaps it was not a coincidence—ballrooms not being too elastic—that the same night the Ribbentrops entertained in London's largest suite of drawing-rooms. (It was a heroic business getting to parties with the floodlighting crowds.) The dinner at the German Embassy was for the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the card being in German, thus breaking all precedent, and one was asked to wear " frak," or uniform.

The Japanese have big parties for Prince Chichibu with a reception next week, the Norwegians gave a party for their Crown Prince and Princess in the new Legation in Kensington, preceded by a dinner of eighteen, and the Danes entertained for their Royals, our popular Princess Ingrid. The Polish Embassy party was a few nights later. Those popular Oliveiras, back from Brazil, are expected to do their very pleasant duty and M. Corbin, bachelor host of the French Embassy, is giving the grandest party of all, powdered footmen everywhere. The American Embassy is famed

for its cheerful luncheons, more numerous than ever. . . .

GRAND parties of another age are with us again, and, though no one thinks them as much fun as the more intimate entertaining of modern times, they are wonderful spectacles and have an interest of their own. Normally we all tend, because London is so large and scattered and time is so short, to get embedded in sets and cliques. It is good for these sets to mix. Such receptions as the Londonderry's (for, it is alleged, two thousand), and the Sutherland's ball at Hampden House for the King and Queen, or the Howard de Walden ball for the Kents a fortnight ago, are examples in the grand manner.

At Hampden House, the guests danced in an outdoor ballroom that had been built over the hard tennis court. The first-floor ballroom, famous for its mirrors, served as the supper-room, while the dining-room was turned into a buffet after the dinner. Other great houses are rumoured to be opening, a little creakily, it is true, and after a dusting of the old chandeliers and removal of the dust-sheets. (If chars could tell!)

The Fitzwilliams having sold their house in Grosvenor Square—now the Italian Embassy—their ball for Lady Ann Stuart-Wortley, Lady Fitzwilliams' granddaughter, is to be at the Dorchester on the 31st.

A particularly pleasant and lively dance, on the 26th, with an American flavour, is Mrs. William Leveson-Gower's—the former Mrs. Toulmin is a well-known American figure in Paris, and has taken a large house in Upper Brook Street. Mrs. "Eddie" Compton, hostess of famed Newby, and sister of Mrs. Myrtle Farquharson, is giving what is likely to be the most popular dance of June for her daughter, and for poor, pretty Lady Wilton's daughter, Lady Alexandra Egerton. Lady Violet Astor's ball in Carlton House Terrace on June 8th will see some of the old-time mixture of ages (the finishing-school atmosphere can be very tiring after a time), and next evening the Hon. Mrs. Butler-Henderson, an experienced and popular hostess, entertains in her new Eaton Square house. There will be a larger exodus than ever for the "commem" balls. May Week, which is not in May, and is a fortnight, will take many young people out of town. The Hon. Mrs. Clive Pearson's ball in Grosvenor Square will be a select one. There are five dances on the 29th—Lady Zia Wernher's ball

(*Concluded on page* xiv)

The Duchess of Sutherland

Gave a ball last night at Hampden House to which the King and Queen went

Mrs. Edward Compton

Gives a dance in June with a co-host and co-hostess for her daughter and two other debutantes

Lady Zia Wernher

Late in June she gives a dance for her daughter Georgina at Somerics House, Regent's Park

Lady Violet Astor

Gives a ball in her Carlton House Terrace house for her niece, Moyra Scott

Lady Vernon

Gives a "small" dance next week in her lovely Chelsea House for her daughter, Avice

The Passing Hour *(Continued from page 331)*

the Crown £410,000 a year, and draws from the Crown Lands just under two millions. So if anybody tells you that the taxpayer has to fork out hard-earned cash to support the monarchy, just tell him gently that the taxpayer is collecting from the monarchy about a million and a half a year.

But the citizens of this country have got a deal more than a good bargain out of Monarchy. They have got, in the Crown, the one link which connects together the whole of their extraordinary Empire. The common bond between each one of those four hundred millions of people is the King. Without the Throne there would be no Empire. Last Wednesday's ceremony in the Abbey was a symbol of the equality before the Crown of all the free nations which make up this imperial Commonwealth. And so long live the King-Emperor.

"Farewell Again," the film which everyone expected was going to be called *Troopship*, is not only a remarkably good film, it is an extraordinary tour-de-force by two foreigners. The idea of it is to present a cross-section of British military life. The troopship touches at Southampton for only six hours, and we see the dozen different ways in which the all-too-brief stop affects the different lives of officers and men. The film succeeds brilliantly in portraying the British Army and capturing the queer spirit of that peculiar institution. But the main credit of this British film must go to Herr Wolfgang Wilhelm, who devised the story, and Mr. Erich Pommer, who produced it.

Mr. Robert Byron, author, traveller, scholar, has weighed in upon the Vandal front in most capital style. He has published a small pamphlet called "How We Celebrate the Coronation"—with the sub-title, "A Word to London Visitors," price one shilling. It is a description, brilliantly and satirically written, of some of the beautiful old buildings which London is destroying in this year of imperial festivity. Pembroke House in Whitehall is one of them; there are the houses in Abingdon Street; there is All-Hallows Church in Lombard Street; Sir Joshua Reynold's house in Leicester Square; the Soho Square houses; Adelphi; but the catalogue is almost too painful to continue. There is some strange insanity among our rulers that they will not lift a finger to save the beautiful places of England.

I wrote a fortnight ago that Mr. A. A. Milne was returning to the stage after five years' absence from play-writing, and I wondered what the five years had done to him. *Sarah Simple*, at the Garrick, is the name of the play, and it is an object-lesson to young dramatists in the art of getting laughs out of the action of the play instead of planting jokes that have nothing to do with the action. *George and Margaret* at Wyndham's is full of laughs, but a great many of them have nothing to do with the plot. Mr. Milne is still, first and foremost, a craftsman, just as he always has been.

Howard Coster, London

Coronation Baron

Mr. J. S. Elias received one of the nine Coronation baronies. He is chairman and managing director of Odham's Press; they printed the Coronation programme in aid of King George's Jubilee Trust

Southern Rhodesia's Premier Arrives

Mr. G. M. Huggins, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, arrived in England by flying-boat, and Mrs. Huggins met him at Southampton. He was a surgeon by profession before he went into politics, was born in Kent, went to Africa in 1911, has been Premier since 1934

General Franco has sent a new protest to His Majesty's Government. This time he objects to the evacuation of women and children from Bilbao, on the grounds that humanitarianism is a new precedent in blockades. He also adds that he cannot accept this affront to the prestige of his navy, and then he makes the capital assertion that this humane action of the British Government was the cause of the loss of the battleship Espana. I cannot quite follow the reasoning that the salvage of the lives of women and children has sunk a battleship by an aeroplane bomb (or a mine), but then, I am not, nor ever have been, or am ever likely to be, a general. And my experience of generals during Armageddon was that they do not think like ordinary men. Their minds somehow work differently. Or perhaps it is that their minds do not really work at all. I do not know.

Signor Mussolini withdrew all his press-correspondents suddenly, on the eve of the Coronation. It appears either that he was determined not to allow the Italian people to hear about London's world-shaking jamboree, or else that he was angry at the report in the London Press that some Bilbao fish-wives had thrown some of his shock-troops out of a window. At the same time, he has banned all British newspapers in Italy except the *Daily Mail*, *Evening News* and *Observer*. In what odd company Mr. Garvin finds himself at times.

Reception for the Canadian Prime Minister

Mr. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada (centre), was guest of honour at the Canadian Women's Coronation Reception. He is talking to Lady Bessborough, who received the guests, and behind him is Mr. Vincent Massey, Canadian High Commissioner. Lady Bessborough's husband was Governor-General of Canada from 1931 to 1935

Baron

Calling the World . . .

More people owed their share in the Coronation ceremony and procession to the B.B.C. than to any other single organisation. Uncounted millions last Wednesday must, consciously or unconsciously, have acknowledged their debt to Broadcasting House for the superb organisation which sent the Coronation round the world

The New Queen and

Scottish Blood Which Binds to the Royal

1902

Lady Elizabeth Angela Marguerite Bowes-Lyon, twenty-two years old, before she was engaged

1905

THE most interesting woman in the Empire to-day is Queen Elizabeth, whose ready smile and good disposition, pretty pale skin and cloudy dark hair have been admired by society since her debut at the end of the war, and by the wide world since her marriage, at the age of twenty-three, in 1923. Like a friend of hers, Lady Plunket, who was also born when the century began, she is very young-looking, with the clearest of complexions and a sweet, steadfast expression. Though short and rather plump, she has the dignity of a "grande dame," and it is dignity of which our social life is so sorely in need; the dignity emanating from right living and a sense of "noblesse oblige," not from a wish to emphasise personal importance.

This modern, intelligent and musical woman is worthy to follow the ideal Queen of modern times, the mother-in-law who guided her thirteen years of apprenticeship with a tact which has led to their mutual affection. No one who has seen Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth together, out shopping or at a public event, can doubt the pleasure they take in each other's company. It is common property that King George was very fond of her, too, and that it was to meet his wish she refrained from "shingling."

MUCH was written at the time of her wedding about the antiquity of the house of Lyon ("Bowes" was only added to their name in the eighteenth century), of its glorious place in Scottish history, the stirring deeds of its sons, their blood relationship with early Scottish kings, and the satisfactory fact that Lady Elizabeth's marriage meant another Anglo-Scottish alliance was duly underlined.

A Scottish side-view of the wedding: "It was during the Easter holidays. Home from boarding-school, I accompanied my little sister's pram to Bruton Street, where we watched Lord Strathmore leave his town house (now a shop) with the bride, Lady Elizabeth Angela Marguerite Bowes-Lyon, pale as a flower, by his side. The comments of the crowd upset my sister's Highland nannie. People were saying, 'Isn't she lovely?' 'Isn't she lucky?' But nannie murmured rebelliously: 'They 're lucky to get a Scots lassie!', and when, as we moved away, a woman said to her friend, 'Of course, it 's a pity she 's not English—still, it 's not so bad as having a foreigner,' I thought our Miss Macombie from Inverness would mow them down with the pram."

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Daisy, Daisy

(*To the tune of "Daisy, Daisy"*)

Daisy, Daisy, give me a sandwich, do!
Don't be lazy, give me my Guinness, too!
For lunch isn't lunch without it,
So hurry up about it!
It's nice to drink
And it's nice to think
That a Guinness is good for you!

G.F.685

BOOTH'S

THE ONE *Matured* GIN

THE ONLY GIN WITH THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

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Howard Coster, London

General Hertzog, Prime Minister of South Africa

The Hon. James Barry Munnik Hertzog needs no introduction to the Englishmen who fought against the South Western division of the Boer forces at the opening of this century: nor to the Englishmen who have watched a skilful and brave enemy turn from the field of battle to that of politics and become a friend. Born of Dutch stock, Hertzog studied law at Stellenbosch and came back to Europe for a term at Amsterdam University: he was a judge of the Orange Free State when the Boer War broke out. In the first Union Cabinet he became Minister of Justice; then came the Great War, and in 1924 Hertzog became Prime Minister and has been ever since. He also has been Minister for Native Affairs and for External Affairs (the latter he still is), and has led his United National Party since its inception. He married a Stellenbosch girl in 1894 and has three sons

King George VI in His Coronation Robes

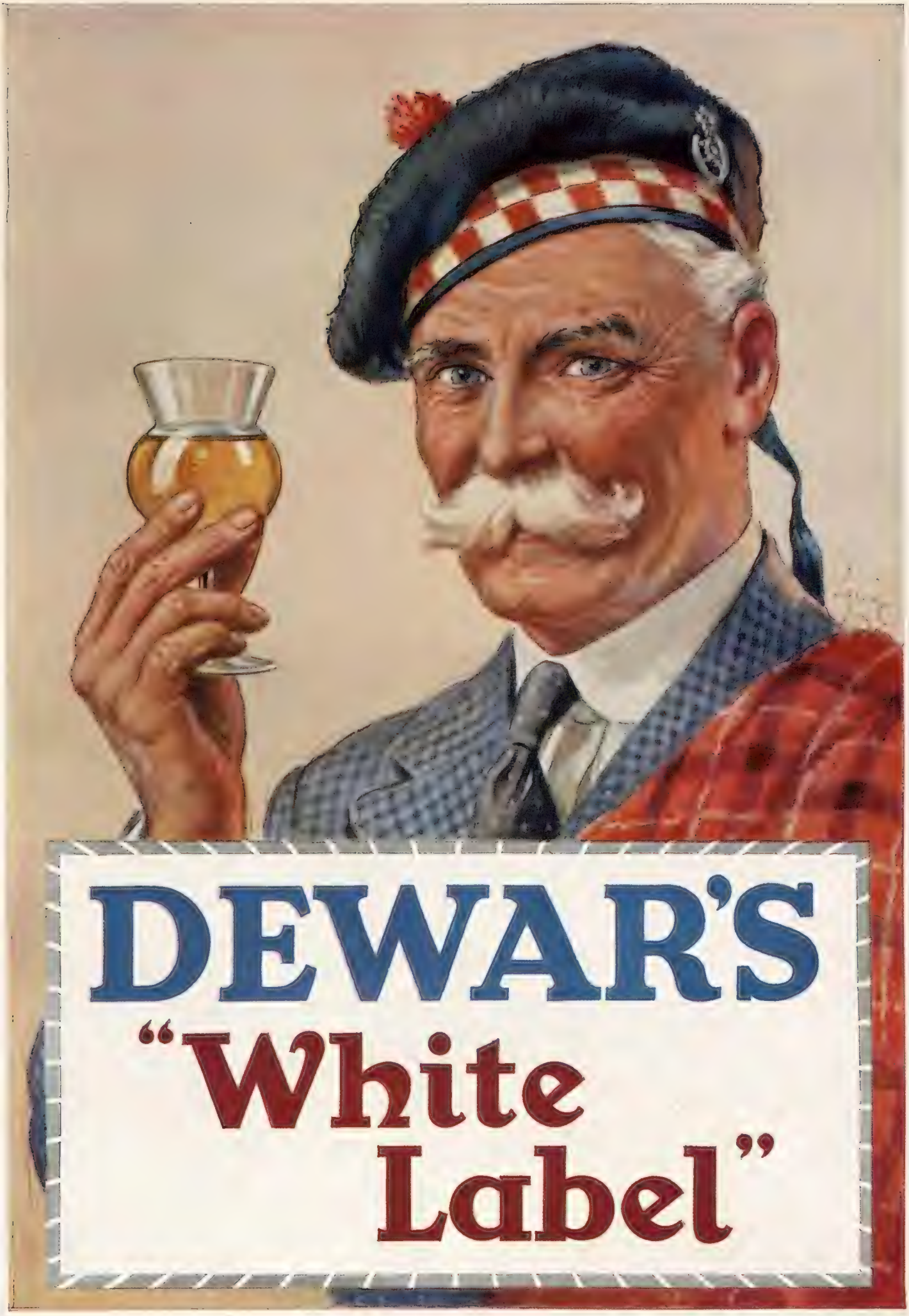
By John St. Helier Lander and Edmund Blampied, A.R.E.

Reproduced by permission of Frost and Reed, Ltd., publishers of a large-size colour facsimile.

Howard Coster, London

Mr. M. J. Savage, Prime Minister of New Zealand

The Rt. Hon. Michael Joseph Savage, his country's representative at the Coronation and Imperial Conference, is not only Prime Minister of New Zealand, but also, in the fashion of Dominions premiers, holds several other portfolios, namely, for External Affairs, for Cook Islands, and for Native Affairs. He has sat for Auckland West since 1919, led the Labour Party (now with a three-quarter majority) since 1933 and was made a P.C. when he came to power last year. Savage rivals Roosevelt as one of the most personally popular of elected Government heads; he takes a very kindly view of life, is a slow and deliberate speaker in public and private, is never hilarious but enjoys and stimulates others' hilarity. He is a bachelor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It's a New Age of Shoes . . . and our latest Continental Arrivals prove it. They are more varied, more ingenious, more thrilling than ever before. New designs, new materials, new colour harmonies, both vivid and subdued. These are six lovely examples of individuality in the semi-sandal mood . . . high-fronted and ankle-slim . . . the last word in soft tailoring, each one conveying that little difference, that New Look that good shoes give you.

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There are car-parking facilities adjoining

We have just issued a brochure of Dolcis American and Continental Spring Fashions, and will be pleased to send you a copy on request.

Miniature of Princess Elizabeth

This charming miniature portrait of Princess Elizabeth, painted when she was two years old, belongs to the Queen. It was shown in the Royal Treasures Exhibition, and until the Queen lent it for that she had never been without it, taking it with her whenever she travelled anywhere. The Exhibition, which closed last Saturday, was held in aid of the Westminster Hospital

The Queen's

Portraits Specially Painted Coronation Number

A Hundred Years Ago

There were eight train-bearers at Queen Victoria's Coronation—Lady Caroline Lennox, Lady Adelaide Paget, Lady Mary Talbot, Lady Fanny Cowper, Lady Alice Fitzwilliam, Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, Lady Louisa Jenkinson and Lady Mary Grimston. In an interesting article in the *Times* a short time ago appeared the following quotation from Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope's recollections of that occasion: "We were all dressed alike in white and silver. The effect was not, I think, brilliant enough in so dazzling an assembly, and our little trains were serious annoyances, for it was impossible to avoid treading upon them. We ought never to have had them; and there certainly should have been some previous rehearsing, for we carried the Queen's train very jerkily and badly, never keeping step properly; and it must have been very difficult for her to walk as she did, evenly and steadily and with much grace and dignity, the whole length of the Abbey"

Lady Iris Mountbatten

Lady Iris Mountbatten is the youngest of the six train-bearers — she was seventeen last January, and is a debutante this year. She is the only child of the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, granddaughter of Princess Beatrice, and a second cousin of the King

Lady Elizabeth Percy

Lady Elizabeth Percy is the elder of the two sisters of the Duke of Northumberland; she is twenty-one this year. Her mother is an aunt of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, who carries the Sceptre with the Dove in the King's Regalia

Train-Bearers

by Molly Bishop for the
of the "Bystander"

Lady Diana Legge

Lady Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck

Lady Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck is the elder daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Titchfield, granddaughter of the Duke and Duchess of Portland; she also is twenty-one this year. Her grandfather carries the Queen's Crown in Westminster Abbey; her grandmother was Mistress of the Robes and her mother was a Maid of Honour to Queen Alexandra

Lady Diana Legge is the third of the Earl and Countess of Dartmouth's five daughters; is twenty-seven this year and the oldest of the train-bearers. Her father was Lord Great Chamberlain from 1928 until King George V.'s death; her mother is the daughter of the previous holder of that office, the late Marquess of Lincolnshire

Portraits of Lady Ursula Manners and Lady Elizabeth Paget appear on the next page

The Queen's Train-Bearers

Two More Portraits by Molly Bishop

Lady Ursula Manners

Lady Ursula Manners is the elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland and first cousin of Lady Elizabeth Paget. Her father and mother are both taking part in the Coronation ceremony—her father carrying the Sceptre with the Cross in the Queen's Regalia, and her mother as one of the Queen's Canopy-Bearers

Lady Elizabeth Paget is the second daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey; she and Lady Ursula Manners were both born in 1916. Lord Anglesey has been Lord Chamberlain to Queen Mary's Household since 1922

Lady Elizabeth Paget

The Coronation

A Survey of the Pageantry of May 12th, 1937

The Crowned King Receives Homage

King George VI. performed his first act as a crowned and inthroned king when he received the homage of the Archbishops and Bishops, the Princes of the Blood Royal and the other Peers of the Realm. The Princes and the senior of each degree of Peers, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquess of Huntly, the Earl of Shrewsbury, Viscount Hereford and Lord Mowbray, one after another, place their hands between the King's and say: "I do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship, and faith and truth I will bear unto you to live and die, against all manner of folks. So help me God," then touch the crown, and kiss the King's cheek

The Crowning of King George VI

The greatest moment of the great pageant of religion and splendour in Westminster Abbey came when the Archbishop of Canterbury placed St. Edward's Crown on the King's head, "at the sight whereof the people with loud and repeated shouts, shall cry 'God Save the King.'" This was followed by the wonderfully beautiful fanfare of trumpets. During the Putting-on of the Crown, only the King and Queen are seated, the Queen still on her Chair of Estate. She can be seen on the left watching the ceremony, and in the Royal Gallery behind are Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret Rose, and the Princess Royal

Climax to Pageantry—Their Majesties Crowned and Inthroned

Here is yet another picture which millions of people saw in their imagination last Wednesday as they listened to the splendid and dignified broadcast from Westminster Abbey. But the mind's picture, no more than a photograph, can give a true impression of the glory of colour, the greatness of the setting, or of the majestic and solemn pageantry of the service, ending in the superb triumph of the Te Deum

"Receive the Crown of Glory . . ."

The Queen's Coronation

Above, Her Majesty is kneeling on her faldstool and the Archbishop of Canterbury is placing the Crown, with the Koh-i-noor diamond glittering in its apex, upon her head. Her Majesty is flanked by her two attendant Bishops, the Bishops of Blackburn and of St. Albans. Below, the Queen is seen leaving the Abbey after the ceremony, accompanied still by her Bishops, her purple train, embroidered in gold with floral emblems of the Empire, carried by her six train-bearers. Her Majesty has in her right hand her Sceptre with the Cross, in her left the Ivory Rod with the Dove

Uncrowned, the King and Queen are seated in the Chairs of Estate before the Recognition

During the Ceremony

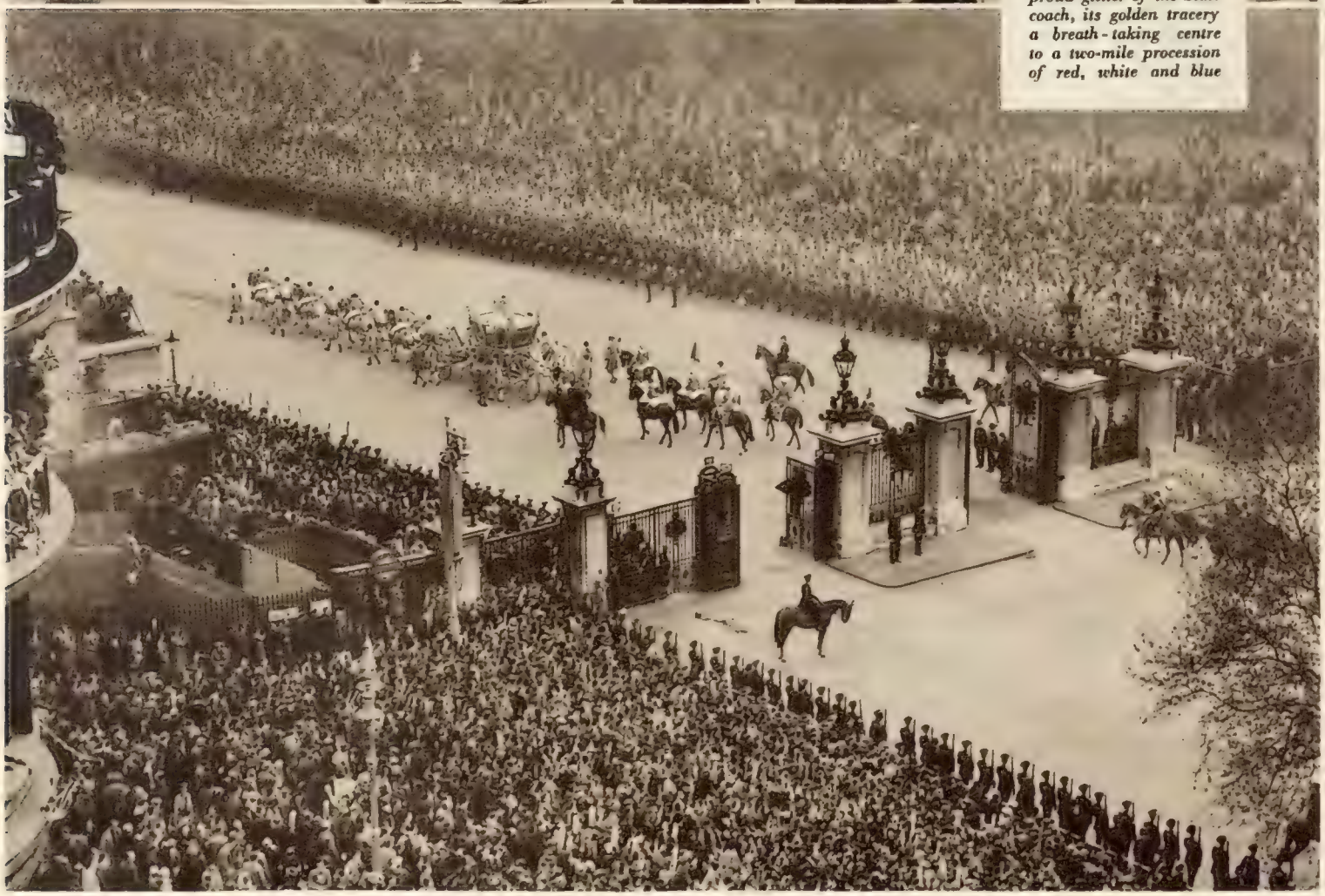
In the Royal Gallery behind the King and Queen, in the photograph above can be seen the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Queen of Norway, Queen Mary, the two Princesses and the Princess Royal. The photograph below was taken just after the Crowning in King Edward's Chair

Crowned, but not yet Inthroned, the King awaits the Benediction

The Crowned King Leaves the Abbey

The King's Procession is passing through the Choir to the West Door. In the foreground are the Lord High Constable of England (Lord Crewe), Lord Zetland, carrying the Sword of State, and the Earl Marshal (the Duke of Norfolk), followed by their pages; next come the Duke of Sutherland, the Lord High Steward (Lord Salisbury), and the Duke of Richmond, followed by their pages. The King is accompanied by the Bishops of Durham and of Bath and Wells, escorted by the Lieutenant (Col. Sir St. John Gore), with ten Gentlemen at Arms, and the Standard Bearer (Brig.-Gen. Sir A. Home), with ten Gentlemen at Arms. Behind his Majesty are his nine train-bearers

No rain could dull the proud glitter of the State coach, its golden tracery a breath-taking centre to a two-mile procession of red, white and blue



The Procession in Hyde Park and Some of the Crowds at Marble Arch

The Queen and the Princesses

From the picture by the well-known portrait-painter, Edmond Brock, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1936

Royal Procession : fr

from the Painting by Paul Maze

On Their White Horses

Queen Elizabeth at Cambridge and Princess Elizabeth at Windsor

The painting of the heir to the throne, who was eleven last month, is by Fritz Lowen and shows Princess Elizabeth riding her white pony through the woods at Windsor last year. The scene above is of greater antiquity. It represents Queen Elizabeth when, on August 5th, 1564, she entered Cambridge from Haslingfield and was received by the Chancellor of the University, Sir William Cecil. She rode from Queens' College (whose great gate is in the background) to the west door of King's Chapel, with the whole body of undergraduates, bachelors, and masters lined up en route. The painting is by Doris Zinkeisen and will be used as a poster by the L.N.E.R. It was on view at their exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries last week

The State Coach Leaves the Abbey

One of the loveliest pictures of the day was the fairy-tale State Coach passing through a transformed Parliament Square, with a foreground of wildly waving people, a setting of richly-coloured stands, and the noble grey background of the Abbey

The Procession to the Abbey

Down the Mall came the Procession, between the standards and banners which took pride of place among all London's designs for decorations. Behind the Coach and the Standard and its immediate escort, rode the King's brothers, the Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Kent, and the Earl of Harewood, Lord Louis Mountbatten, and the Earl of Athlone, all personal aides-de-camp to His Majesty. Sir Philip Game can be seen on the right of the Coach, and the white feathers of the two Field Marshals, the Earl of Cavan and Sir William Birdwood, just behind the Standard

The King Comes Home

The loudest cheers of the day went up when the King and the Queen, Queen Mary and the two little Princesses appeared on the balcony at Buckingham Palace. On the left are two of the Queen's train-bearers, Lady Diana Legge and Lady Ursula Manners

The Duchess of Gloucester

Was in the second glass coach of the Royal Family's carriage procession: she shared it with the Duchess of Kent and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles

Photographed while waiting to leave the Abbey precincts were Lady Furness, the Aga Khan and the Begum Aga Khan, and the Maharaja of Rajpipla

Lord and Lady Astor were seen off for the Abbey by some of their staff, she wearing her tiara, he carrying his Viscount's coronet

The Duchess of Richmond and Gordon is seen with her husband's nephew and page, Charles Vyner. The Duke of Richmond carried the Sceptre with the Dove

The Duke and Duchess of Kent

The Duke and Duchess of Somerset were leaving their hotel for the Abbey, with the Duke's page, Frank Skelton. The Duke carried the Sceptre with the Cross in the King's procession

The Duchess of Leeds and the Duchess of Westminster

Personal Parade

Royal and Noble Abbey Guests

leave 3, Belgrave Square

The Duchess of Northumberland
The Queen's Mistress of the Robes was notable in the Abbey for her dignity and fine carriage

The Earl Marshal Greets Princess Elizabeth

The Countess of Munster, is the wife of a Lord-in-Waiting

Viscountess Buckmaster was waiting for her car

The Maharaja of Cooch Behar walked out into the rain

The Earl of Bessborough, now an Earl of the United Kingdom, wore a fine display of Orders

Robes and Coronets

Outside the Abbey

The Earl of Shrewsbury, Lord High Steward of Ireland, is with the Countess and his page, Christopher Talbot

The Duke of Marlborough

Left: Lord and Lady Armstrong walked at a swinging pace through Trafalgar Square on their way to the Abbey

Portrait of the King in Naval Uniform

From the charcoal drawing by Frank O. Salisbury

The King as a Sportsman

Impressions by H. H. Harris of the King at one of his famous summer camps for working and public-school boys, as a tennis and squash player, as a golfer, and as a horseman

Mr. Baldwin

Member for Bewdley—"this one delectable corner of England"—since 1908, thrice Prime Minister of England, "a thorough Tory," a man who has "been praised far beyond his deserts, and equally disparaged," Mr. Baldwin is the most established figure in the English scene to-day. Yet he remains something of a mystery. Until the records of the last two decades are laid bare, few will know how much his hand has shaped our history. For the plain man it is enough to look back on the successful calm with which Mr. Baldwin has piloted England through most of the post-war crises, how he has risen to every occasion, party, parliamentary, national; how he has kept the country "secure from the strange creeds that to-day are rushing round the world." His retirement, first publicly announced in a speech to his constituents last month (from which all the quotations in this caption are drawn) will take place soon after the newly-crowned King and Queen have honoured him as guests at No. 10. He will be seventy in August

This is the Gin

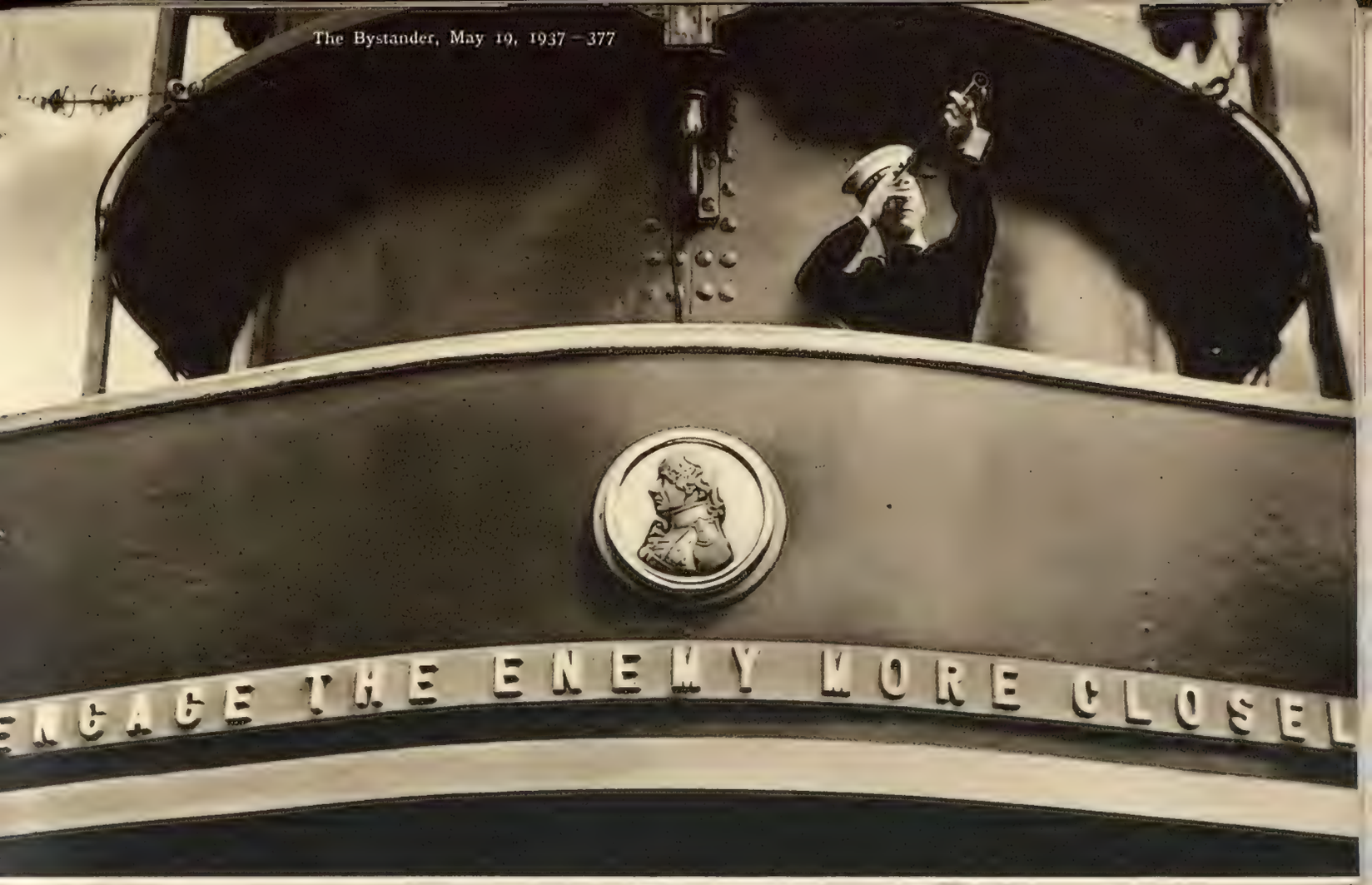
AS BOTTLED FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM

AS BOTTLED FOR EXPORT

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

CRAVEN "A"
CORK-TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
Cool and fresh on every occasion . . . smooth to your throat
and always the same fine quality
CARRERAS LTD.—150 Years' Reputation for Quality



H.M.S. Nelson at Southend

The photographs on this and the following three pages were taken by Norman Parkinson on board the flagship of the Home Fleet, which was up at Southend for the Coronation and has since sailed to Spithead for the Review. They constitute the third of the "Bystander" series, "With the Services"

With the Services

The Navy: No. 1. H.M.S. Nelson

The Navy, the senior, the silent Service, typifies in most people's minds the English tradition of clean efficiency. H.M.S. Nelson has a heavy part of that tradition to bear, with her motto (see back, page 377), the signal that directly followed the "England expects . . ." message at Trafalgar, and which is now flown by H.M.S. Victory on Nelson Day. On the left is the daily washing down and scrubbing (*not* swabbing), in this instance of the quarter-deck. The picture on the last of these four naval pages (see on, page 380) is of rum ration distribution. The grog consists of a half-pint to each A.B., one part rum, three water. Chief and petty officers get theirs in bottle, neat. But nowadays sailors can, and most do, take grog money instead of the rum, at the rate of threepence a day, to the chagrin and contempt of the older naval generation

Appetiser for Breakfast

Through Signaller's Eyes

Left: the Nelson carries nine sixteen-inch guns, as well as smaller ones, five of which can be seen in this view aft from the fo'castle, sealed with their cork "tompkins" bearing the ship's crest. Removal of the tompkins is the first sign of trouble—or cleaning

Ships Re-forming After Exercises

Silhouette: Monster and Man

Right: this parade, seen from the foremast looking on to the fore top-deck, is prior to entering harbour. The men are receiving their details of duty for bringing the Nelson to anchorage, as can be seen from the informal nature of the parade

Norman Parkinson

"Splice the Main Brace!"

When the King has inspected his navy, the receding royal barge signals back this welcome message to proud but thirsty crews: it means an extra rum ration all round. Normally, grog is doled out daily at one bell (12.30 p.m.)

WORTHY to serve the most exalted, upon occasions of the utmost circumstance, yet marked by a chaste restraint of line never suggestive of opulence, or arrogance, the Ford V-8 "22" has performance of a measure and refinement making it handsomely worth twice its price of £210. As economical as efficient in its infinite range of duty, it is the car for Britons, the world over, in Coronation Year.

"There Is No Comparison!"

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX, ENGLAND. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT ST., W.1

"Yes, it's a WILLS's
GOLD FLAKE"

It's a CLEAN SMOKE

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

EFFICIENCY tells. All those diligent Abbey rehearsals under the stage-management of the Earl Marshal, who ought to be hearing from Cecil B. de Mille any day now, resulted in completely smooth running without a noticeable hitch, one gathers. Every actor in the drama was word-perfect and the movements and timing were almost impeccable. That this result was worth all the hard work beforehand may be gathered from what took place at Victoria's Coronation, an interesting résumé of which series of muddles was given in the *Times* recently. The poor young Queen was a mass of nerves, though she didn't show it, and her condition was not improved by the fumbling of the clergy, who had not only not informed her of her own movements at certain parts of the service, but didn't know their own. "Pray tell me," she whispered in agony to the Sub-Dean of Westminster at least once, "what I am to do, for *they* don't know!" Added to this, the royal trainbearers didn't help with the weight of train and mantle, but simply held on to it, jerking it as they walked. As Victoria said to her Mistress of the Robes afterwards: "How they didn't pull me over backwards I shall never understand!" Then the Archbishop of Canterbury handed the heavy Orb too soon, and the Queen could hardly hold it; after which his Grace tried to force the Ring on the wrong finger, hurting her so much that she nearly cried out. Finally, 241 peers, each paying homage, gave the Queen a violent headache by touching the crown on her head too clumsily before kissing her hand. Altogether a pretty mess-up.

The abridged and otherwise mitigated modern version of the Coronation Office of course spares the Monarch and his Consort a great deal. Compare, for example, Louis XI. of France's Coronation day, which began at midnight with Matins and continued with private devotions till 5 a.m., when the King confessed and communicated. He then returned to the Palace for three hours' sleep, and at 8 the Coronation Office began, lasting, with the High Mass which was part of it, till well after noon, and winding up with the creation on the spot of 300 knights. That would have given our Press boys scope for spreading themselves even more purply than they did last week, and we know one or two would probably have burst in the effort.

Dress Note

OWING to the run on Coronation robes and trimmings, Mr. Herbert Wilcox had apparently to have a large number of his costumes for the film *Victoria the Great*, released next month, made by his own costume department. Advertisers in the Agony Columns were offering Coronation robes and coronets on sale or hire for weeks before the Event, which raises—or would raise, were one of a frivolous turn of mind—curious speculation as to the reason some of their owners weren't going to the Abbey; though to be sure 99.9 per cent. of the advertisers were probably in the costume trade and untitled. Numbers of unwealthy peers must have got rid of their robes since the 1911 Coronation. In relatively few noble households would they ever be cut up after ceremonial use for dressing-gowns or window-curtains, as the sympathetic Low suggested in a cartoon recently, and it 's obvious economy to get rid of them before the moth begins digging an eager tooth into them. (Consider, incidentally, the mad wonder and delight of a moth accustomed to feeding on tweed trousers and felt hats when he suddenly gets a glimpse of all those yards of velvet. It must be like offering an habitué of Good-Pull-Ups-for-Carmen a dinner at Larue's composed by the Club des Gourmets.) And even if the moth doesn't get at them, the peer may grow out of them, ample as they are. A very slim young peer at Victoria's Coronation, for example, might well have had some difficulty in getting into his robes for Edward VII.'s, sixty-six years later, especially if he had led a full, hearty Victorian existence seeing Life steadily and seeing it Whole.

"But everybody that is anybody is here"
"In spirit, yes"

There 'll probably be such a glut of robes on the market before long that the British film industry will be turning out Coronation scenes continuously for the next ten years.

Bunting Time

CHASTELY harmonious with its red-and-white banner *motif*, Sir Giles Gilbert Scott's dignified scheme for the City streets showed up the rather mediocre sequence of ideas displayed elsewhere with perfect ease, though it was unfortunate that the "stepped" wording over some of the banners in Fleet Street appeared at a hasty glance to read "LIVE THE LONG KING." Oxford Street did best among the West End shopping streets, the painted series of English Kings and Queens on the façade of Swears and Wells and Mr. Selfridge's colossal statuary scheme in embossed silver setting a pretty unapproachable "high." Regent Street's window-boxes showed what can be done without an excess of cheap bunting, and Bond Street's white-blue-symboled banners, though unkindly said by one critic to make the place look like Naples on a washing-day, were a relief

from eternal reds-whites-and-blues. Pall Mall, with its gay covered balconies and lantern-masts, had almost a Venetian air. We particularly admired the way the Athenæum boys ran true to form with their blue-and-gold Latin motto: "VIVAT REX ET IMPERATOR GEORGIUS VI." Evil fancy could hardly help conjuring up the special sub-Committee, grammar and dictionary at each elbow, painfully working out this greeting, with anxious emendations. In the days when Maurice Cole was Public Playboy No. 1, we thought, it mightn't have been impossible to find that spelling further corrected overnight, to the great confusion and agony of the cream of Britain's intellectuals and the entertainment of the light-minded.

The Mall, our only real processional way, was magnificent with those banners bellying like the sails of galleons, each bearing the Royal Arms. Whitehall depended a bit too much on ordinary flags *ex* store. We're told—information acquired at enormous expense under the Official Secrets Act—that the frugal hand of the Home Office, which saw to this sector, was responsible. The same economy was clearly visible in the designs of one or two big hotels and business houses. Many poor East End streets gave a better show.

One thing struck us forcibly—namely, that to complete the festal ensemble the populace should have been issued with masks—either gay fantastic masks adapted from the Commedia dell' Arte, or decorated versions of the new Home Office gas-mask, thus abolishing the only jarring note.

Treasure Show

"MASSY" was the word for the loan exhibition for charity of Royal Treasures at 5, Great Stanhope Street, Park Lane, which closed last week. That ornate carved great four-poster, gold-leaf on wood, which Philip II. gave to Mary, for example. Those rich velvet and gold-tissue Mass vestments Henry VII. gave to Westminster Abbey, and now the pride of Stonyhurst. All those elaborate gold trinkets, enamelled or gem-studded—snuff-boxes, watches, card-cases, rings, cuff-links, lockets, and the like—Royalty gave each other when they were on visiting terms. The exhibition had been assembled with a vim and a virtuosity which would have humbled the supercilious Horace Walpole and made his collection of historic *objets de vertu* at Strawberry Hill look like the contents of an ostrich's stomach. Mary Queen of Scots' gold rosary and Napoleon's silver toothbrush (engraved with the Imperial arms and cypher, at that); christening-mittens worked by Elizabeth and a silver pheasant given by Edward VII. to a shooting-party host; a pass given by the Black Prince to one of his archers, one of George IV.'s musical clocks from Brighton Pavilion, and another clock belonging to the last Royal Stuart, Cardinal York (Henry IX. of England *de jure*, and pretty decently George III. behaved towards him); a lock of the hair of Queen Catherine Parr, one of the late Tsarina's Easter eggs, Victoria's *broderie anglaise* dressing-gown, a pottery bust of Alexander I., Queen Caroline's guitar, and the fan-case found on the beheaded body of the Princesse de Lamballe; and accompanying all these, lashings of Royal letters, missals, prayer-books, Books of Hours, account-books, and what have you—how often in a lifetime can such things be viewed?

One very massy and even terrible Royal exhibit we looked for hopefully but in vain—that pair of heavy gold gem-encrusted binoculars which the Sultan of Turkey is said to have given to Edward VII. Where is it now, this typical Oriental gift, so dainty and so useful at (say) Ascot?

Hard Cheese, Sir!

THE Poet Laureate's first official offering, printed in the Coronation programmes, has been severely panned by a critic in one of the dailies who complained that it is "prose cut into couplets" and "a monotonous repetition of

(Concluded on page 386)

"It's the choir's *loss, Hamilton, not ours!"*

"Oh, I was younger then: sometimes I forgot to blow them"

L2a.

when
he's late
and
you feel shy
and
very
self-conscious . . .

have you
ever noticed
how a cigarette
will
in
some curious way
restore your
self-assurance ? . . .

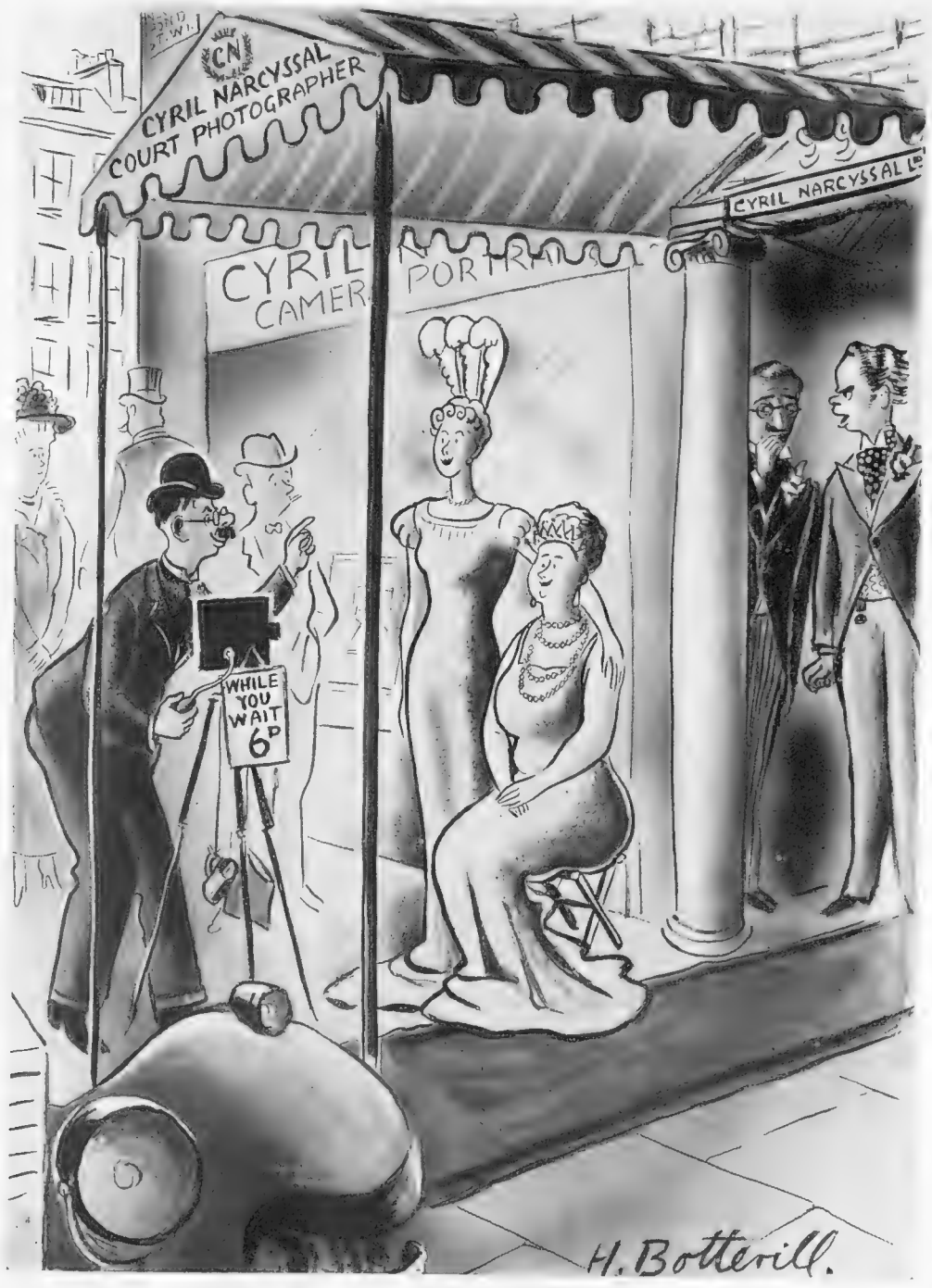
and
at
the same time
it is
so
very
companionable.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

(Continued from page 384)
petitions, the cumulative effect of which is tiresome." As for " some pretence of alliteration made in the uncouth phrase ' *Thy holy help to give the hopeless hope,*' " added this critic, the Laureate ought to know that such initial alliteration is more suitable for limericks than Coronation poems.

This severity seems to us excessive. Who on earth looks for inspiration in a State poem ? Turn up the section in the admirable *Week-end Book* under that heading and you 'll find a certain leaden similarity in the offerings of every Court poet from Pye and Cibber to Tennyson and Alfred Austin. The nicest Muse trying to celebrate any public function gets a kind of dreadful obstipation which dulls her faculties, makes her owl-eyed, and fits her dainty feet with policemen's boots. Hence Dr. Bridges when he unwillingly occupied Mr. Masefield's post, doggedly refused to write any State or official verse at all, and on one celebrated occasion added that he 'd be damned if he 'd even try. Awkward behaviour in a Laureate, no doubt, but noble rebellion in a poet, and if anyone in the Cabinet had been capable of knowing good verse from an elephant's behind Dr. Bridges should have received a decoration and had an Assistant Laureate attached to him for routine work henceforth.

The same help ought to have been given Mr. Masefield. We did see it hinted by somebody that Osbert Sitwell's recent week-end visit to Windsor Castle portended an Assistant Laureateship, but nothing seems to have happened. It 's a pity, because something official in the vein of *Rat Week*, or *When Solomon Met the Queen of Sheba* or *Mrs. Freudenthal* (a favourite of ours) might have shattered the dreary tradition of three centuries once and for all and established a brisk new school of State Verse not unworthy of exchanging a distant salute with Skelton, incomparably our best Laureate so far.



" That 's the third he 's pinched from us this morning "

Pooh Corner

RACKETEERING in seats for the 12th didn't go as well as expected, we hear, large numbers of the public and Overseas visitors having turned out to be not such complete saps as some of the promoters confidently expected. For this reason one found on the Monday 25-guinea seats (" including champagne, buffet, and radio ") reduced coyly to 10, and 5-guinea seats having come down to 1 ; these, however, being mainly the kind from which you could see nothing in the first place.

The most disturbing result is that several angry speculators have expressed their determination to cut away from the Empire altogether, for they chiefly blame the bronzed, clean-cut denizens of the wide open spaces who seem to carry the said wide open spaces with them. This sort of thing makes a chap pretty sceptical of Kipling, the big Imperial tease.

Low Mark

IT wouldn't have hurt Sir John Simon, Home Secretary and idol of the public, to have recommended, as requested, those three Welsh political prisoners to the King's clemency at this time. The releasing of captives — selected, naturally—is an integral part of the Coronation of every Christian monarch from time immemorial, and this being still nominally a Christian country one would have thought the smoothest and most popular Home Secretary of all time would have taken this opportunity of fulfilling an ancient and kindly custom. But no. The three odd hairy boys of the Welsh Nationalist Party who tried, rather ineffectively, to burn down the R.A.F. base near Pwllheli, nobody is yet quite clear why, and got nine months in the Second Division for so doing as from last January, will not be released.

They understand these things better in Southern Rhodesia, where the Governor released about 500 first offenders under a general Coronation amnesty. The three wild Welshmen are also first offenders. If released by the royal clemency it would have been 100 to 1 against their ever trying to repeat their curious protest against whatever it was, the Celt having certain fundamentally chivalrous instincts—as A. G. Macdonell, himself known as the Boy Bayard, will readily admit. But no. You ask us why we are upset, and apart from our feeling about the historic principle of the thing, we simply couldn't tell you, except that the Simonian dial is so perpetually bedewed with conscious unction that the sight of it on a news-reel makes us ring for our scrabbling-dish, which (as we once told you) is a silver salver full of sand brought us by our man Rawson for the purpose of scrabbling in with our fingers when we are overwrought.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

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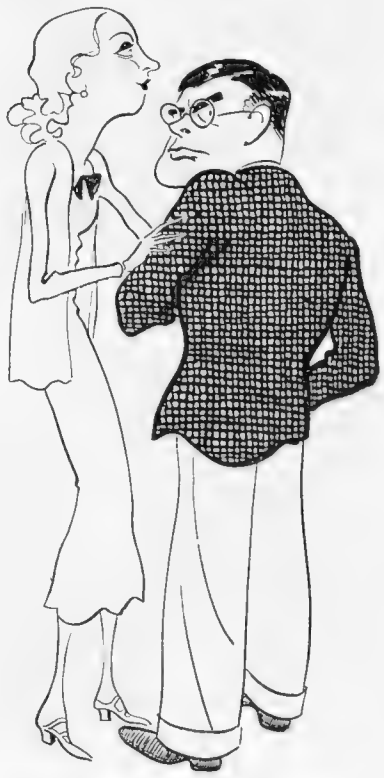
CEREBOS SALT

The Theatre : By Herbert Farjeon



Agnes Laughlan and A. R. Whatmore caught at an awkward moment

Turning up like a bad penny from Heaven : Leonora Corbett

Sketches by Rouson

"Sarah Simple" (Garrick)

THE programme of this new comedy is decorated with a cover-design of hats, tantalisingly punctuated with the names "Nicky, Vicky, Nicky, Vicky, Nicky, Vicky," from top to bottom and side to side. Tantalisingly because, when you examine the list of characters within, you seek in vain for Christian names to correspond. What can be the explanation? For a while I dallied with the idea that this might be a permanent cover for all future Garrick Theatre productions, one of the managing directors of that theatre being Mr. Victor Payne-Jennings, which would account for the Vicky. But the other is Mr. Charles Killick, which leads to Licky rather than Nicky. So I gratefully accepted the suggestion of a gentleman behind me that "Nicky, Vicky, Nicky, Vicky, Nicky, Vicky," was just Mr. A. A. Milne's latest poem. Which, however, proved again a wrong solution.

NICKY and Vicky are the nick-(and vick)-names of two gentlemen who, though in the story, do not appear. Sixteen years before the rise of the curtain, Sarah Bendish forsook her husband, leaving behind a note to say that she was running away with Vicky. But her handwriting being no better than yours, Mr. Bendish read the name as "Nicky," with the consequence that his attempt to get a divorce ended in failure. Before Mrs. Bendish came back, she ran a successful hat-shop in New York, which adventure in millinery (or Milnery) accounts for the hats above-mentioned. When she did come back, it was to find Mr. Bendish in the arms of another woman who, not being his legal wife, was far less attractive than Mrs. Bendish. For this is the type of comedy in which wives are, by some law of theatrical nature, ever so much more fascinating than their temporary supplanters, and ever so much cleverer than their dear old stupid mugs of husbands. Which makes it a comfortable foregone conclusion that the marital tie will triumph in the end, after, with much artfulness, the wife has pretended to be playing her husband's game.

Mr. Bendish's game still being to get a divorce, it is arranged that he shall put on a walrus moustache and pass the night with Mrs. Bendish at the local inn, thus acting as his own co-respondent. This scene reveals Mr. Milne at his vicky-nickiest. But the whole play is full of characteristic badinage, with humours verbal rather than psychological, as when, on mention of the word "hardware," the exact nature of "hardware" is discussed, with speculations on the converse nature of "software."

ONE feels that the beauty and radiance of Miss Leonora Corbett makes the victory of the heroine a little too easy. Was it originally intended that Mrs. Bendish should have the looks as well as the wit? Her eight years' absence from Mr. Bendish suggests that, when Mr. Milne conceived the part, he had one of our older, more firmly established and less handsome actresses in mind. Miss Corbett does not yet need to know what every woman knows. Mr. Whatmore, as her husband, fails to see jokes with convincing consistency. Miss Agnes Laughlan, as the other woman, invites her defeat with professional skill. Two highbrow children, well done by Miss Beryl Laverick and Mr. Robert Stanton, and a lugubrious village waiter by Mr. Frederick Piper, complete the cast. It was once written that the Milnes of God grind slyly, but they grind exceeding small. Why not more generously declare that the Milnes of God grind small, but they grind exceeding slyly?

A waiter who reads : Frederick Piper

Little mother and unappreciative charge : Beryl Laverick and Robert Stanton

This England . . .

Bredon Hill, Worcestershire

THIS summertime in England is a gentle glory, slow born of many rains. No sun-fed flare of colours is here, but a simple harmony of greens that has no equal. Nor is it the bells alone that sound so clear as you walk upon the hills. Rooks you will hear in elms a mile away, and cock-crows, and the barrel-housed sheep-dog of a farm you cannot see—sounds of an immemorial England, separate, peaceful, contenting. And so when you reach again the habitations of man, tired maybe, "sharp-set" certainly, there will come with your victuals a golden Worthington, belonging also to an England that has not changed.

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Films of the Day

Four Good Productions : By George Campbell

"THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER" is nothing if not timely, seeing that the biggest scene is a reproduction of a Coronation in the Abbey. Twentieth Century-Fox have gone to the trouble and expense of building a very handsome Abbey and filling it with an impressive array of nobles and distinguished visitors; and up to a point the ceremonial is dignity itself.

Unfortunately, as you will remember if you ever read Mark Twain's story, there is something of a hitch. They are crowning the wrong King. Little Edward VI. has invited a ragged beggar boy into the Castle; they change clothes for a joke, and they are then so much alike that their own mothers wouldn't know them. Naturally, the Captain of the Guard is taken in, and when the real Prince runs outside to bring his dog he is beaten and turned away as an impertinent urchin.

Meanwhile, Henry VIII. dies. The beggar is placed on horseback. His protestations are treated as the delusions of an unhinged mind, and even when he convinces the Protector (Claud Rains) that there has been a mistake, that wily scoundrel is not going to bring back a Prince who is sure to want Norfolk as Protector. He simply sends out the Captain of the Guard to find his lawful sovereign and cut his little royal throat. Only after a deal of cut-and-thrust business by Errol Flynn as Miles Hendon does the Prince reach the Abbey, eluding scores of soldiers in the best Fairbanks' manner, and arrives in the chancel just in time to cry "Stop!"

This, as you may guess, is where the solemn ceremonial develops into farce. After some lively backchat it is decided to check the boy's story by hunting for the Great Seal, which he says he has hidden. With Coronation robes flying in the wind, the Chamberlain or somebody sets off for Windsor at a gallop, and in a surprisingly short time is back with the news that the hiding-place is empty.

On hearing the Great Seal described, the false Prince realises that this must be the blunt instrument with which he has been cracking nuts. The same messenger gallops off once more from the Abbey to Windsor Castle, and this time comes hareing up the Nave brandishing the Seal. The beggar boy willingly steps down and the service is concluded, without more ado, by slapping the Crown on the right head. All of which will be hailed by most people as good, hearty slapstick, and cause a few others a certain amount of annoyance. There is such a lot of squabbling about pictures at the best of times that I will remain neutral.

BY way of contrast, Hollywood has certainly done right by our Rudyard Kipling. I never read *Captains Courageous*, but I imagine that the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer version is pretty faithful. Millions must have yearned, most unjustly, to kick Freddie Bartholomew for the pi-jaw dialogue continually allotted to the unfortunate child. For once he has a chance to be natural, and an excellent little actor he is. His portrait of the spoiled, unscrupulous little brat of the millionaire shipowner (Melvyn Douglas) could hardly have been bettered.

Well done as the school scenes are, the fishing sequences are even better. Manuel, the simple, happy, courageous Portuguese fisherman whose example changes the boy's whole nature, is played brilliantly by Spencer Tracy, one of the few actors living who could have got away with the ultra-sentimental dialogue about his father's life in Heaven. Lionel Barrymore is the skipper, Mickey Rooney is his natural, likeable son, and John Carradine, who has scored hit after hit in rôles as different as the relentless killer of *Ramona* and the saintly Socialist of *Winterset*, is Long Jack, the fisherman who takes such a dislike to the boy as a Jonah. An entertaining, often exciting picture, uncommonly well acted and well made.

"FAREWELL AGAIN" (originally called *Troopship*) is as amusing an English production as I have seen this year. It was a good idea to show a troopship bound for England and the reactions of the regiment, from the Colonel down, to the prospect of Home, and I for one hadn't a dull moment. Clemence Dane's treatment lacks her usual whimsiness, there is any amount of hearty but not forced fun, and slick direction and cutting have kept the thing moving in the best Hollywood tempo.

Leslie Banks plays the Colonel with fine dignity and force, and Flora Robson is quite brilliant as his wife, trying to keep from him the fact that she is dying. There may be prettier women on the screen but none with greater charm or more unmistakable signs of that subtle flame we call genius. Sebastian Shaw does well as a young officer, Patricia Hilliard is the nurse he falls in love with, and Leonora Corbett the fiancée who has found consolation for his absence and, like him, hardly knows how to break the news. Robert Newton gives an effective study of a neurotic soldier driven to frenzy by jealousy, Gertrude Musgrove is extraordinarily funny as a waitress, and Rene Ray, Robert Cochran, Maire O'Neill, Alf Goddard, Edmund Willard, and Jerry Verno give admirable support. Tim Whelan directed for Erich Pommer.

IF you have a fancy for satirical comedy, don't miss *Der Ammenkönig* (*King of the Nurses*), based on a play by Max Dreyer called *The Valley of Life*. Dreyer's play, written in 1902, was banned for a good many years in Berlin, allegedly on the grounds of its immorality. Probably its unflattering picture of royalty didn't exactly help. The film, which follows *La Kermesse Héroïque*, is as naughty as its predecessor and very nearly as witty.

Screen Boys: Freddie Bartholomew in "Captains Courageous" and the Mauch Twins in "The Prince and the Pauper"

Freddie Bartholomew has a good natural boy's part in the M.-G.-M. film of Kipling's story; Spencer Tracy as Manuel, the Portuguese fisherman, gives a splendid performance. The world premiere of the film was at the Empire ten days ago

The Mauch twins, Bobby and Billy, play the name-parts in a screen version of Mark Twain's historical joke. Here they are with Errol Flynn as a gallant swashbuckler. "The Prince and the Pauper" is at the Gaumont

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Before the Courts

Miss Georgina Wernher

Is the only daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher; was presented by her mother at the First Court

Miss Sheila Lyons

Left: Sheila Lyons is the daughter of Mr. Joseph Lyons, the Prime Minister of Australia; she went to the Second Court

Right: Miss Marit Guinness was presented by her mother, Mrs. S. H. S. Guinness, of 6, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. She had just announced her engagement to Carl Ascham, son of Judge Ascham, of Malmo, Sweden

Bassano

Miss Felice Greville, daughter of the Hon. Maynard and Mrs. Greville, is with Mrs. Charles Richmond-Brown and her aunt, Lady Marjorie Beckett, who presented her

The Countess of Airlie and Lady Jean Ogilvy

Went to the First Court. Lady Airlie wore white and silver and her daughter wore oyster satin. Lord Airlie is Lord Chamberlain to the Queen

The Hon. Sybil Berry

Was presented by her mother, Lady Buckland, and wore a dress of white and silver lamé

Right: Lady Orr-Lewis is with her daughter, Miss Ursula Gibbons, who was presented by Mrs. Humphrey Butler, wife of the Duke of Kent's Equerry

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Empire Faces

The Paramount Chief of Barotseland

Yeta III. was the only paramount chief of South Africa to be invited ; he wore the uniform presented to his father by Edward VII. ; travelled hither, first down the Zambesi by Royal Barge, manned by forty picked paddlers, then by car to Livingstone, the rest (10,000 miles) by train and steamer

Ademola II., Alake of Abeokuta, officially known as the Oba of Egba, was last in London in 1904 : "traffic, although so much thicker now, is better ordered" was his opinion, but perhaps he didn't count the 'bus strike. Realm of 500,000 souls in Nigeria

The Sultan of Zanzibar

His Highness of Zanzibar rode in the third coach of the carriage procession of Prime Ministers and Empire representatives which came just before Prince Arthur of Connaught's State landau ; the Sultan shared the coach with the Emir of Transjordan

The Sultan of Pahang

His Sultanate is the largest of the Federated Malay States ; he rode in the first coach of P.M.'s procession with his neighbour, H. H. Yang Di-pertuan Besar of Negri Sembilan. This picture shows him in the robes he wore at the Abbey

This picture of the Emir of Transjordan was taken at his arrival in London ; he is the Sheik Azil Abdul Aziz and was accompanied by his son

The Sultan of Trengganu

H.H. Sir Suleiman Badrul-alam Shah rode in the second carriage of the P.M.'s procession on the return journey and shared it with the Sultan of Johore ; both are rulers of neighbouring unfederated Malay States

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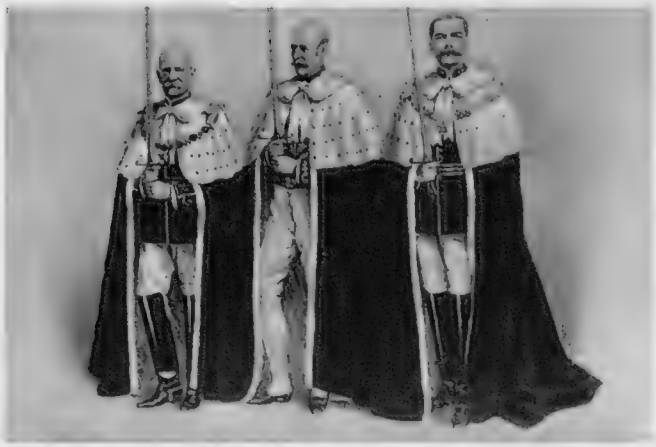
1911: Queen Mary, with the Bishops of Oxford and Peterborough, followed by the Duchess of Devonshire, Mistress of the Robes, and her trainbearers, Lady Mabell Ogilvy, Lady Dorothy Browne, Lady Mary Dawson, Lady Eileen Butler, Lady Eileen Knox, Lady Victoria Carrington



1911: Sword-bearers at King George V.'s Coronation were: Field-Marshal the Earl Roberts, Second Sword; the Duke of Beaufort, Curtana, or the Sword of Mercy; Field-Marshal Viscount Kitchener of Khartoum, the Third Sword

I Have Lived in Five Reigns

(Continued from page 325)

Being a rifle regiment, the Queen's Own marched past in file carrying its rifles at the trail. Just before we started a little man on a horse rode out and went in front. He was "Bobs," the immortal Lord Roberts of South Africa and honorary colonel of the regiment.

At the saluting-base was the Prince of Wales on a horse, the same sad-eyed man who had driven through Toronto in an open carriage. Only he smiled and didn't look so sad.

Not very long afterwards King Edward VII. died. My mother did not weep, nor did I. After all, he had not given me a medal like the Good Victoria.

THE Olympic slowed down, and through the dripping fog her siren called for the destroyers which were waiting to escort her through the submarine zone. We moved restlessly about the decks with life-preservers on, looking like novitiates waiting for immersion. From the bridge came the sharp commands of an officer as the gun crews swung their guns from angle to angle searching for the peril that might come from the belly of the sea.

We were no longer schoolboys in a toy parade. We were soldiers on our way to fight for our King—our beloved King who had suddenly become the centre of our beings. His understanding eyes had looked on us from screen and newspaper. He was in trouble—in need of our help. Something had gone wrong in the peace plans so carefully prepared by his father.

There were 5000 of us on board, of a generation that had come of age at a period of history when boys became men overnight and tasted the bitterness of death before they had known the sweetness of youth. The fog clung to the ship like a funeral pall and we moved through it like ghosts.

For King and Country—and we asked no more than that.

IT was in 1919 that I stood on the verandah of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club on Toronto Island and watched a launch approach through sharp little waves that flicked their foam across the bow. Standing by himself in the launch was a boyish figure. As he neared the wharf he raised his hand and waved to the crowds waiting. It was charmingly done, sincerely done. There was something wistful about him, something gentle and lonely. And his youth was a beautiful and moving thing which had a spiritual quality that stung the eyes with tears we could not explain. Perhaps it was because we had sent such numbers of our own young men overseas and so many had not come back. This boy was the symbol of all that Canada had lost—and she took him to her lonely heart.

Thus did Edward Prince of Wales come to Canada.

SITTING on a balcony outside my London office my little son grew restive. It was all very well to watch the soldiers and listen to the bands, but where were the King and Queen I had promised him? It was a beautiful May morning and the sun had irradiated old London until it was like a city of gold. There was a shout of command. The soldiers sprang to attention. A great roar proclaimed their coming. They drove past in an open carriage, a beautiful, stately woman in radiant grey and a gentle-faced man with sad eyes who smiled and bowed to the people on either side.

My little son waved his flag and shouted

(Continued on page iv)

1902: St. James's Street decorated for the Coronation of King Edward VII.

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Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

I WRITE in the 'bus-stricken, bemused bewilderment of pre-Coronation days and, to be frank, nothing much is happening in the world of sport, though golfers are breaking records and lawn-tennis players are working up for great events to come. And here and there a cricketer is breaking into the news.

I find myself at the moment most interested in cricket, not only because this is the Marylebone Club's 150th anniversary season, but because there does seem to be a good deal stirring in the cricket world.

I am interested, for example, to find J. H. Fingleton, the Australian Test Match player, taking up the suggestion made recently by R. W. N. Robins that our young players throughout the country should have matting-covered concrete wickets in their practice nets.

FINGLETON recalls the fact that Bradman, Badcock, McCabe and O'Reilly learned their cricket on these pitches, and it is a fact that most young players in Australia have facilities for working out their technique on concrete.

The suggestion may not seem important, but actually I think it is, for the average turf wicket in a net is far more likely to make a player nervous than improve his stroke production.

Possibly the provision of concrete pitches might be one of the cares of the National Advisory Council of Physical Fitness.

In the meanwhile there is no doubt that we might well pay more attention to the cricket education of some of our youngsters.

HERE and there the young player is coming into his own. Compton and Edrich both played uncommonly well for M.C.C. against Yorkshire, and these two lads are made of the stuff which Australians would very quickly convert into Test Match material.

Of the two Edrich is the sounder, and I have an idea that he has even greater possibilities than Compton, who is at the moment the more attractive and spectacular batsman.

There are other young players about of the highest promise—Dollery, Crapp and N. W. D. Yardley, of Cambridge, for example. And I feel there is no reason whatever to be pessimistic about the future standard of English cricket, provided we do not waste our material.

There is only one rather disturbing factor about it, which is that batsmen seem so much more common than bowlers. If only we could see a young Sidney Barnes or Colin Blythe, how encouraging it would be.

BOWLING is likely to be the weakness of the New Zealand team which has just arrived in this country. I saw the New Zealanders practising at Lord's on their first afternoon in England and a very pleasant lot they are, as usual.

I don't know why it is that these New Zealand games players, whether they are cricketers or Rugby footballers, are always such friendly, likeable people. But so it is, and a visit from them is invariably a delight.

I had a talk to "Curly" Page, their captain, who seemed full of optimism and asked me specially to watch Wallace, a young batsman of particularly outstanding quality.

IT was impossible to tell much in the nets, but I gather that in the nineteen-year-old Donnelly New Zealand have a really great out-field, and that Kerr, if he survives the new ball, is as good a player as C. S. Dempster—and that is saying something.

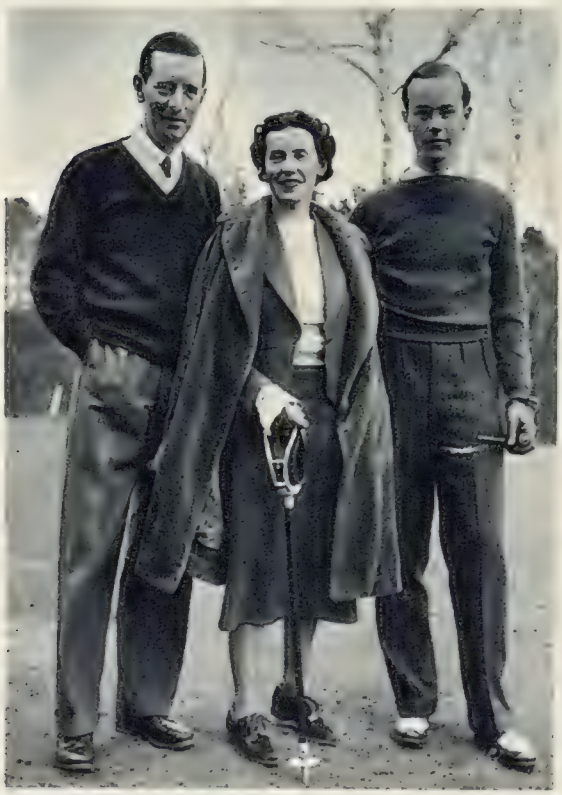
There is, in fact, a number of fierce batsmen in the side, including Carson, an exceptionally powerful left-hander. But the New Zealanders will have some difficulty in finding a steady opening pair.

However, it would be unfair to prejudge the team and a very good judge in New Zealand has just written to me to say that he fancies they should win most of their county matches and possibly make a draw of at least one Test Match through the excellence of their batting.

THIS same authority remarks in his letter: "I'm rather depressed about the future of amateur cricketers, such as ourselves, in the international sphere." He raises this point after the recent visit of the M.C.C. team to New Zealand, and continues: "I'm afraid the game is becoming such a business that there will be no place for us and cricket will finish up where Association football and dog racing are to-day."

My correspondent is, I'm afraid, expressing a fear which besets many of us—a fear which makes us extremely suspicious of the brighter cricket movement, and its bright proposals to liven the game.

It would be a thousand pities if the severities of international cricket deprived us of the visits of such attractive teams as the New Zealanders, and I hope very much that this summer we shall not take our great game too seriously.



The Langleys

They have all been in the news recently: Mr. F. A. Langley was with the Veteran Englishmen who beat their French opposites at St. Cloud; his daughter, Phyllis Langley, has announced her engagement to R. W. Skene; his son, John Langley, has been elected Secretary of Cambridge's golf side, 1937-8

Major Forster and Mr. David Forbes

This photograph of Major Stuart Forster and Mr. David Forbes was taken at the Household Brigade Golfing Society's annual spring meeting held at Roehampton in the burst of pre-Coronation sun. They are both in the Coldstream Guards; Stuart Forster got his majority last year

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Old Course at Saunton

When you return from a championship you are nearly always asked questions about the course on which it has been played. Even those who know the course well want to know if there have been any alterations carried out since their last visit, what the playing conditions were like, and if it found favour or not with the majority of those taking part in the championship.

The previous time I was at Saunton was in 1931 when, as I only played one round, I had no opportunity of getting an intimate knowledge of the various holes. Since then, with the exception of new teeing grounds, constructed further back, only very minor alterations appear to have been carried out. To get anything approaching satisfactory results at Saunton a player must have an extensive knowledge of, and a certain amount of flair for, the game; the man who can play only straightforward shots has practically no hope of doing any good; nor has the player any chance of success who cannot at will hit the ball from left to right or high or low.

The playing conditions for a championship were distinctly good; the lies through the green in many places were hard and close, and thereby gave an advantage to the good players, which is as it should be, and the putting greens, although they looked on the first two days as if they would become fast and slippery, actually never did so, due to rain on the Tuesday and to cold winds; they were never cut very close, and no one could reasonably expect them to be so early in the season. It was a real pleasure to see once more a seaside links with seaside putting greens, hard, firm and keen, on which no shot would bite unless it had been properly struck.

There were many holes which favoured the subtle golfer and which were decidedly inauspicious to the bold, coarse players. For example, if you went one foot over the first, fifth, eighth, tenth, or thirteenth green, you might just as well have picked up your ball and given your opponent the hole as try to play it, as the result, bar a miracle, would have been the same.

This type of hole, where the over-bold shot means the certain loss of the hole, have been over-done at Saunton. There is no doubt that on the Old Course at Saunton the latitude for the tee shots at many of the holes was much too great; players continually found their balls lying well after tee shots metaphorically miles off the correct line; and, what is more, they were likely to do so unless their balls came to rest in rushes or small patches of sand among the sand-hills. Better control of the tee shots would improve the course very considerably, especially as great length is of little advantage.

The only holes where it was really important to place the tee shot on a particular area were the ninth, tenth, and eighteenth, and you can hardly consider the eighteenth, as even the shorter players seldom found it desirable to take a driver from this tee; the majority of the good players took a No. 1 or 2 iron from the tee and played their seconds with a No. 4 or No. 3.

I have tried to give a fair, unbiassed description of the course and I hope that no one will think that it is in any way my intention to run it down. It is a very good test of golf. Those (and I do not think there were many) who did not like the course can curse it as much as they wish, but they will never get away from the fact that it produced a most worthy champion.

As I write the news has just been announced that the motion at the business meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club to limit the number of clubs to fourteen has not been carried. The attendance at the meeting, held recently, is never large and seldom representative of the club; consequently, this does not appear a very suitable occasion on which to discuss a matter of considerable importance to all golfers. No doubt the motion will be proposed again in September before a full meeting, when I hope and expect that it will be carried by a large majority.

I was glad to see at Saunton that there were few players who carried in their bags too many clubs and too few shots.

Bits and Pieces—Mostly Wentworth

By Eleanor E. Helme

Dear Bystander,

There seems so much news at this time of year of which I have been able to tell you nothing. Various championships, for instance, won by Girls of the ex-variety, such as the Lancashire by Miss Jessie Firth, who played at Stoke before the Bystander had anything to do with the event, or Caernarvonshire, by Miss Nancy Cook, who only grew too old at nineteen last year. Or Yorkshire, won by its holder, Mrs. Rhodes, a very stout performance on top of holding on to her Northern title too. Or the Wilton Shield, with a first win for the Legal breaking the uninterrupted interchanges of Medical and United Services. Or the West Sussex open meeting, when Mrs. Rider won the Lowther Scratch Cup, and Miss Gourlay and W. A. Stevenson the mixed foursomes. And Star matches have been entirely thrilling, Camberley Heath, for example, having beaten Addington, and Royal Mid-Surrey the Lady Golfers' Club, so that two of the strongest sides have already taken their leave of the tournament for 1937.

But none of these things, interesting as they are in themselves, must give way to the excellent golf I have been watching at Wentworth. Not the Bystander Foursomes; you heard all about those last week, but the Wentworth Club's own open scratch foursome tournament which followed on. Press day, unluckily, has come extra early with Coronation and Whitsun holidays to be allowed for, so I cannot discuss who won, or why.

What I do know is that a knock-out foursomes tournament, such as this, ought to be a tremendous help to players who have International aspirations, and to Selectors who should be thankful if they might find ready-made pairs of tried excellence, instead of having to pair up players who are put together for an International match only. Somebody whispers to me that Selectors have never bothered to give so much as a trial to the most notable foursome pair of many years, Miss Newell and Miss Cradock-Hartopp. That is unfortunately true. But Selectors change—which is in some ways a pity—and whereas Bystander foursomes are handicap, Wentworth's is a scratch tournament, so that presumably Selectors would be forced to heed what happened in it, provided only that the best players in the country competed there. This year the entry was disappointing. That did not stop those who went to Wentworth describing the tournament as altogether delightful, and is is most devoutly to be hoped that nothing will stop the club from carrying on with so splendid a fixture.

Two all-Girls pairs took the field. Angela Noble and Sonia Swinburne Johnson did not survive the first day, Mrs. Gallatly and Mrs. Davies having too much experience for them, but Sheila Stroyan and Joan Pemberton are still alive at the moment of writing, and have shown themselves a very reliable couple, who kept their heads and played sensible, collected golf, whether they were beating Mrs. Gage and Mrs. Carbutt 4 and 3, or Miss Dorrit Wilkins and Mrs. Wilfred Walker 2 and 1. Sheila's game has got crisper since last year at Stoke, and if Joan has at the moment developed a highly dangerous little jump, that will soon be rectified, no doubt. Miss Wilkins, of course, was a Girl runner-up, too, in her day. Her side played some of the best golf of the first morning when they beat Mrs. Fleming and Mrs. Fish, and their second-round win at the nineteenth from the victorious Bystander heroines, Mrs. Gilligan and Miss Garnham, meant good fighting, though they certainly had a useful ally in the blaster with which Miss Garnham was making costly experiment.

Miss Gourlay and Mrs. Battiscombe (Miss Timberg) shot a great bolt when they put out Miss Diana Fishwick and Mrs. Philip Hill in the second round, but they could not keep going next morning against Mrs. Gallatly and Mrs. V. G. Davies, so that at the moment the latter couple are playing Miss Jean Hamilton and Mrs. Peel in one semi-final, whilst Sheila Stroyan and Joan Pemberton tackle the holders, Mrs. Crosthwaite and Miss Nancy Halsted, in the other. The holders arrived thus via a bye, a walk-over from Mrs. Garon and Lady Alness who were on the sick list, and a decisive win from Mrs. S. V. Hicks and Mrs. Clemens. All very interesting. Yours ever, Eleanor E. Helme.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

An exceptionally gay Ascot is predicted this year, as every woman will wish to appear in "grande toilette." As always, however, there will be two distinct types of dress, the picturesque and the highly sophisticated. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, are showing an extensive collection of lovely frocks, including this charming model for the young debutante, in navy organza and white organdie. It is cut on very slender lines, with a deep hem of circular frills, and opens over a dark-blue underskirt. A large white organdie bow softens the neck, while the short sleeves are imperceptibly squared at the shoulders. Another severer type of dress, in pastel crêpe mousse, is moulded to the figure and accompanied by a hip-length cape of the same material trimmed with fox

Evening Stars

It is impossible to lay down any hard-and-fast rules about fashions this year, as they are so varied and almost anything, provided it is simple, rich and luxurious, may be worn. The most pronounced changes have come about in materials and workmanship, which are infinitely more elaborate and skilled. Fine embroidery adds to the beauty of evening dresses which may be closely draped to the figure or allowed to flow in graceful folds. Slender frocks which spread into a fan at the feet are banded with brilliant stripes of colour, while boleros either sewn with petals or edged with chains of flowers are worn with simple Empire styles. A charming ballroom dress is pictured above from the younger set department at Harrods, Knightsbridge. It is made in sheer white crêpe chiffon, embroidered with silvered pearl bugles, and softly draped with tucks at the waist. The full skirt fits like a sheath over the hips, and falls into smooth, unbroken lines

There is a statuesque beauty about this dress from Harrods which is very striking and difficult to define. In midnight-blue crêpe, it is cut on Grecian lines with a panel dyed in a delicate shade of orchid down the front. This same colouring is used to line the hooded cape which can, of course, be thrown back or discarded. It is an ideal dress for the opera, theatre, or formal receptions, and may likewise be seen in the younger set department. Capes of every type are being worn this season, including those in fine black Chantilly lace, which look charming over white. In the same way there is a strong feeling for redingotes in net or some other sheer material in a different colour from the dress. One model in yellow tulle with gold sequin revers was shown over an orange dress also embroidered in sequins

I Have Lived in Five Reigns

(Continued from page 396)

"God save the King!" I could not shout, for there were too many memories that stopped the traffic of the emotions.

"Long live the Lord Mayor!" shouted my son. That is the worst of children. They are never satisfied.

In this manner did King George and Queen Mary drive past on their Jubilee, even as they had driven through the streets of Toronto.

THE floor of the House of Commons. It was the first assembling of the Parliament which had been elected in November 1935. I had gazed at it often enough from the public galleries, but now I stood at the bar of the House, a member of it, a part of it all.

It was all so preposterously like going to school. There were the prefects, Stanley Baldwin, Neville Chamberlain, Lloyd George, Ramsay MacDonald. Here beside me was the boy who was always pointed out as the model for the rest of us—Austen Chamberlain. Those of us who were new blinked at the scene and tried to pretend that we were not thrilled.

"Members desiring to take the Oath," announced Mr. Speaker. "I shall take the Government Front Bench first."

Late that afternoon I stood in a queue and at last reached the clerk at the table. He handed me a Bible and a form to read aloud: "I swear by Almighty God to be loyal to his Majesty King George the Fifth, his heirs and successors."

Then I shook hands with Mr. Speaker, and school was out for the day.

A FEW weeks later, if a stranger had looked down from the galleries he would have seen a strange sight. The Commons was crowded and we sat in overcoats. For once there was silence in that place which is never silent. After a time there came a signal. The Speaker rose, and we followed him to Westminster Hall where Simon de Montfort had held the first Parliament and Charles I. was sentenced to death.

As we lined one side of the Hall the Lords emerged and lined the other. The grey winter light began to fade.

Then the great doors opened and the body of the dead King was brought to his faithful members of both Houses. We received him with the homage due to one of the greatest men in our history. And we received him with the sorrow of those who have lost a father and a friend. Through the agony of the war years he and his Queen had shared the strain and heartbreak with their people. After the war when standards of conduct were uprooted and a spurious freedom degraded the life of Britain, the Throne remained unchangeable. Not because of what he did but because of what he was, the people of the Island Kingdom took him for ever to their hearts.

Yet change begets change, and there was a new era upon us. That night, writing about the scene in Westminster Hall for a Sunday newspaper, I ended the article with these words:

"Once more it was the unexpected that moved us most. It was not the presence of the heavily-veiled women or even the arrival of the funeral cortège. It was the sight of King Edward VIII. standing in the half-light against a little group of mourners whose black clothes made it difficult to discern anyone clearly. He is in the prime of life, but in that setting what touched us strangely was that indefinable sense of youth, that wistful, half-shy appeal which has always made him seem the incarnate spirit of youth caught in the toils of great and inescapable destiny."

A great King lay dead. A new King heard the clanging of the gates as they closed behind him.

A week later we took the Oath again: "I swear by Almighty God to be loyal to King Edward the Eighth, his heirs and successors."

AT last the lid was off.

The London newspapers which had suppressed the news for months were making up for lost time. The biggest story for a thousand years was wide open at last. The presses ran until the men could hardly carry the bundles away.

Print another 100,000! Print another half-million! There will be a 6 a.m. edition, a 7 a.m. edition. Chuck everything else out! Cut Spain down to three lines; leave Hitler out and toss Russia into the waste-paper basket!

Throw that picture of the lady right across four columns! Get a story ready on famous royal love affairs! Say the whole country is behind the King! This will be the end of Baldwin—I bet you

(*Concluded on page* vi)

Characteristic Clothes

FOR those who have time for observation during this coming Season, a glance at the sartorial pageant of the London streets may prove interesting. It is simple to tell the nationality of a man by the clothes he wears.

Germans lack sartorial imagination; their coats are flat and wooden, much too short; most of them wear green. As one might expect, their clothes are rigid and uniform in character. As opposed to the French, who are more flexible in their tailoring. They no longer wear wasp waists and bell-top trousers, but their taste in materials is still ornate and "Continental."

South Americans wear clothes that are well tailored. Sleek and snake-like, their clothes ooze sex. Or they hope they do. They live for clothes, but, judging by our standards, their lives are mis-spent.

Decidedly more masculine are South Africans and Australians. Their clothes approximate, in the main, to the ready-made clothes sold in our provincial cities.

American clothes are usually sewn by Italian labour, and beautifully sewn at that. If they knew more about style and cutting, their clothes would come into our class.

Only the well-dressed Austrian can compete successfully with the Londoner. And as so few Austrians can afford to visit this capital, they really do not count as competitors.

London, despite the scarcity of good coat-hands, still remains supreme. The styles for this season are interesting and will be copied in one form or another throughout the world. Pope & Bradley have had a considerable influence on the evolution of these styles.

POPE & BRADLEY

14, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

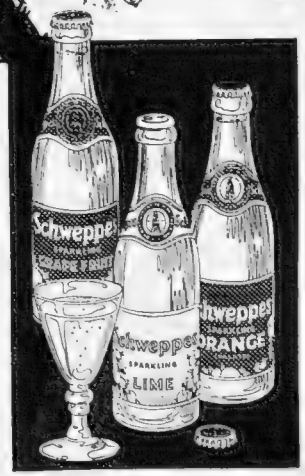
ALLPORTS: COLMORE ROW, BIRMINGHAM

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

MAY 16TH By train to Northwood to Mr. James Bagot's for the first game at Tennis I have had since last Michaelmas. His partner, Miss Gascoine, had as fine a complexion as ever I saw, and a lusty Backhand Return; but to me (I think by her husband's contriving) fell Mrs. Bagot, who hath lost her wind of late and but for whom I had won many a lost game. So that by reason of my bearing the burden of the play I was betimes in a sorry tired state; wherefore I was much pleased when we sate down to divers drinks of Schweppes, viz. Sparkling Grape Fruit, Sparkling Lime and Sparkling Orange. And I think there is no better slaker of fiery throats and raiser of downcast spirits than that bright coolness and gracious keenness whereof the House of Schweppes do hold, it would seem, the secret and prescription.

BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes



PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

I Have Lived in Five Reigns

(Continued from page iv)

a fiver! Put out street bills! "Justice or Exile?" "The King's Happiness." "The King or the Archbishop?" Here 's a new picture of the lady. Give it the whole back page!

Once more we gathered in the Commons to hear Mr. Baldwin reveal the final decision of his Majesty. The House was crowded with foreign Ambassadors, High Commissioners, peers, and such members of the public as could get in. We knew what the news would be unless some miracle had intervened.

Solemnly the House opened with the repetition of its daily prayers—words that have grown commonplace with use. Yet suddenly the familiar words took on a poignancy which stilled every sound:

"O Lord our heavenly Father, high and mighty, King of Kings, Lord of lords, the only Ruler of princes, who dost from Thy Throne behold all dwellers upon earth: Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favour to behold our most Gracious Sovereign Lord King Edward, and so replenish him with the grace of Thy Holy Spirit that he may always incline to Thy will, and walk in Thy way."

"Amen!" intoned the House.

Then Mr. Baldwin stood in his place and told the story of the abdication. When that scene passes from my mind I shall have forgotten my own name.

A little later we took the Oath again:

"I swear by Almighty God to be loyal to King George the Sixth, his heirs and successors."

In less than one year we had lived in three reigns and sworn allegiance to three Kings of England.

LAST night I examined with a pardonable curiosity the Court uniform which I shall wear at the Coronation. Blue velvet tail-coat, silk knee breeches, black stockings, yellow dress waistcoat, and a silver-handled sword as sharp as a needle.

My son is profoundly impressed. My little daughter wants to know when I am going to appear in the pantomime. My wife, with that tact which has made me her slave, wonders why men do not dress like that nowadays.

I am perfectly aware that I shall look like Mr. Pickwick at Mrs. Leo Hunt's ball, but I am also aware that in such a crowded canvas of fancy dress I shall be indistinguishable from all the other Pickwicks, Jingles and Winkles.

Many years ago I went to the Abbey as a reporter to see the marriage of the Duke of York to a daughter of Scotland. Her family stood at one side, and their black hair and proud bearing were like the unfolding of Scotland's fierce and sturdy history. Now I am going to see the bridegroom crowned as King.

He will come to the Abbey, a slim, athletic figure with quick movements oddly and disturbingly reminiscent of his brother. But when he stands before the Archbishop he will look strangely like his father.

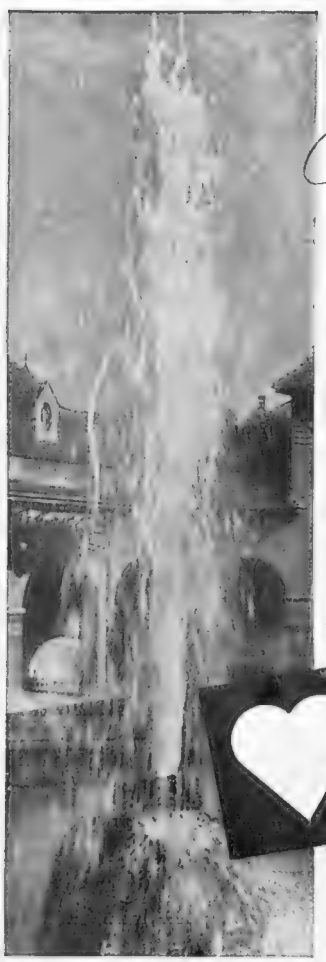
For he is supremely his father's son. We shall not cheer with frenzy or be so cruel as to surround him with a glamour which removes him from mortal men. The hurt is still too recent for frenzy and the disillusionment too keen for false aggrandisement.

But I do not believe that he has come to the Throne on a mere caprice of chance. In his heart there is gentleness and in his spirit there is a vast, quiet courage. As the years go on, guided by the wisdom of his womanly little wife, he will grow in stature and in strength—a King whose reign began out of the sorrow of his people, sustained by their love.

Let this be remembered. He came to the Throne when the institution of Monarchy had been struck a cruel blow. Men said openly that it would not survive and that this country would become a Republic. The Dominions, who have looked to the Crown so long as the one symbol of unity, were distressed and perplexed. Without preparation, without advance hysteria, without personal ambition, George VI. ascended the Throne because the people needed him. And which is better—that a man should become King merely by priority of birth or because the country needs him? The Throne of England in its time has been reached by murder, intrigue, character and conquest. King George has mounted it on steps of devotion, duty, and loyalty. Could there be a grander opening for a reign?

It is a long road back to the Toronto streets when his father and mother drove through the streets, but with far more understanding and with the realisation of what this means to us who share a common citizenship of Empire, I repeat the old, old cry:

God save the King!



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must be spent under skilled, scientific instructions. Experienced specialists at

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prescribe the baths and mix the Waters of different springs. They know what will heal heart and vascular troubles, as well as rheumatism and sciatica. The attendants, too, are skilled, and take a

PERSONAL INTEREST

in their patients. Indeed Personal Interest is the keynote of the whole Bad Nauheim service. Not only this, but a pleasant holiday can be spent there in delightful surroundings with ample opportunities for sports and amusements of all kinds. Take advantage of registered marks and travel discounts.

WRITE TO:

German Railways Information Bureau, London S.W. 1, 19 Regent Street and Tourist Bureaux

HANOVER

A VISIT TO HANOVER is always worth-while when one is in Germany. This year, however, in view of the Coronation, Hanover is of particular interest to English people.

It may not be generally known that the famous Royal Garden at Herrenhausen, residence of George I before he ascended the English throne in 1714, has now been completely restored to its former glory. Herrenhausen is the oldest garden laid out in the Baroque style in the whole of Germany, and it is the only one still preserved intact. It is indeed a vivid reminder of that period, lasting until 1837, in which Hanover and England were united under a common sovereign.

One of the attractions of the garden is the fountain which throws a jet to a height of 230 feet; higher than any other on the Continent. There is also the oldest open-air theatre in Germany, which dates from the year 1690.

Motorists who tour through Germany, this summer will be able to follow the new auto road from Hanover to Berlin. No less than 130 miles in length, it is the longest road of its kind yet completed in the North of Germany.

WELCOME TO GERMANY

where a glorious holiday awaits you. Follow the lure of the romantic Rhine. Stroll along the boulevards of Berlin. Browse in the galleries and art shops of Munich and Dresden. Dream in the historic grandeur of mediæval picture towns—Nürnberg, Rothenburg, Hildesheim. Take a cure in Germany's famous and fashionable spas, golf and play at mountain resorts or bask in the sunshine of the Baltic and North Sea Beaches. The grandeur of Germany's scenery is thrilling: the Harz Mountains, setting of Grimm's fairy-tales . . . the rare charm of the Black Forest . . . the Glory of the Bavarian Alps. The enchantment of the illuminated Rhine, "The Rhine in Flames." A country of colourful picturesque towns and ancient castles, flower-decked valleys, gracious gardens and lovely lakes will charm you with its gay beauty and melodious song. Delightful presentations of music, opera, theatre, and picturesque folk festivals, exciting sports events and interesting exhibitions provide pleasant diversion. Of world renown are the Bayreuth and Munich Opera Festivals. At Düsseldorf a giant Exhibition "A Nation at Work" will be found well worth a visit. For your personal comfort: streamlined trains, modern aeroplanes, express motor coaches, glass-roofed observation cars. Accommodation from de luxe hotels to cosy, friendly inns. Delicious food, rare wines, famous beers. Everything at honest, reasonable prices. Rail fares are reduced 60% and Travel Marks are available at highly favourable quotations. Friendly hospitable people will eagerly help you to enjoy your visit. Consult your travel agent or write to the German Railways Information Bureau for complete details.

GERMAN RAILWAYS INFORMATION BUREAU, 19, REGENT ST., S.W.1

The New Queen and Her Family *(Concluded from page 337)*

with two daughters of her own. "Pam's" marriage links the ducal Hamiltons (Keepers of the Palace of Holyroodhouse) with the great house of Lyon.

MRS. BEN CARNEGIE, who once remarked, "Cousin Elizabeth is the most wonderful woman, quite unspoilt by her life in the limelight," is the daughter of Lord Strathmore's sister, Lady Constance Blackburn, and the wife of Lord Carnegie's brother. She goes about a great deal with her sister-in-law, the former Princess Maud, another Lyon link, through the Carnegies, with the Royal Family. Mrs. Ben Carnegie is a typical outdoor girl with a huge sense of fun, a strain which seems to be shared by the whole clan, whether they are sporting and "hearty," or domesticated and musical like Queen Elizabeth.

Ann Bowes-Lyon was one of the prettiest Jubilee debutantes—a blue-eyed, dark-haired illustration to an old-fashioned story-book. Her father was Lord Strathmore's second son. She goes out quite a lot in London, as does the Master of Glamis, who is a handsome captain in the Scots Guards. His mother, Lady Glamis, wife of Lord Strathmore's heir, is the Duke of Leeds' sister. American newspapers described the Serbian-born Duchess of Leeds as the Duchess of York's sister-in-law. This was stretching a point as she is the new Queen's sister-in-law's sister-in-law!

Another Bowes-Lyon ex-debutante is Rosemary, whose father, the Queen's brother, was killed in the war. Her mother's brother is Lord Portarlington, who, with his Australian-born wife, has often entertained the Kents, their neighbours in Belgravia.

THOUGH some Bowes-Lyons have London addresses, the ancestral home is Glamis, the most romantic, magnificent Highland keep imaginable, standing tall and lonely in the rich strath or wide vale (hence Strathmore) between the Angus hills and the sea. Here Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon was brought up in sight of blue hills, a few miles from Kirriemuir, the original of Barrie's *Thrums*, a few more from Forfar, where she ran the Girl Guides so efficiently, and where she still visits old friends.

Lafayette

The Countess of Strathmore

A picture of the Queen's mother taken just before the Coronation, in the robes she wore for the Abbey

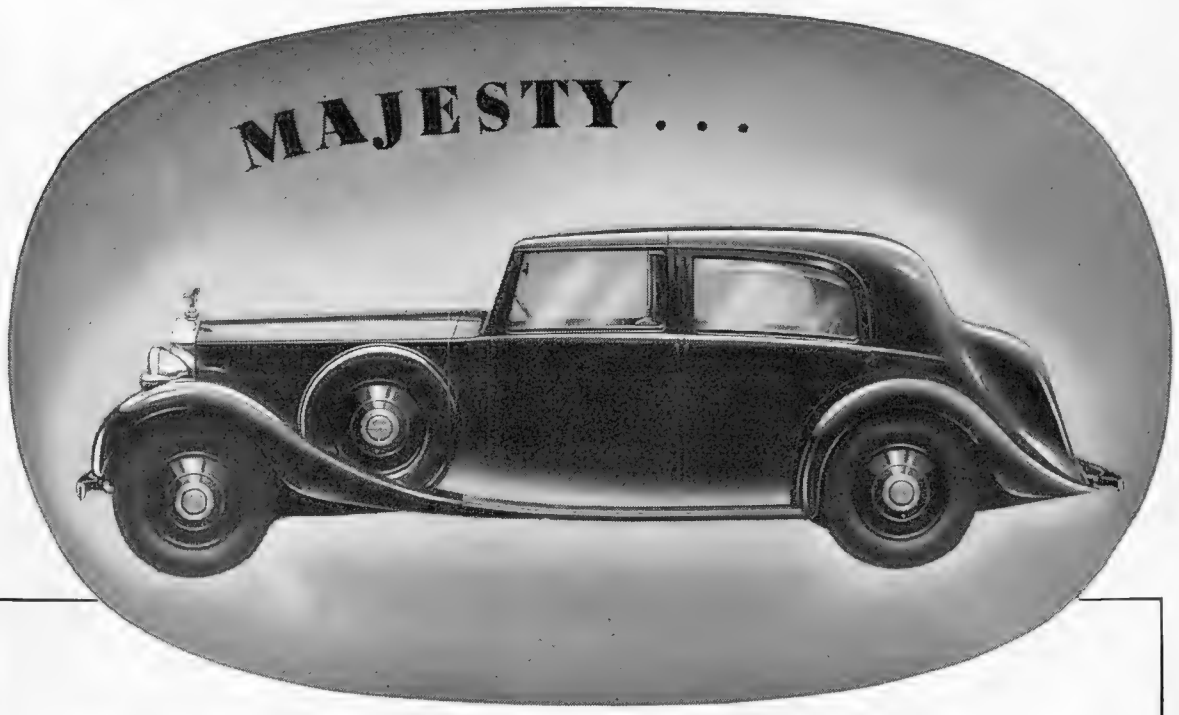
At a Forfar ball twelve years ago there was one sixteensome reel, thirty-two dancers on the floor, everyone else watching. One set was presided over by the late "Jub" Macpherson-Grant, grey-bearded Highland giant, the other sixteensome consisted of the Glamis house-party. Dancing in it and, judging from his expression, nervous of making a mistake, was the Duke of York, who partnered his wife. One remembers her white dress, her serene look, the way they danced fox-trots together afterwards, very happy after two years of marriage.

Their happiness has lasted. Long may they share it with us all. Let there be rejoicing over the charming new Queen as there was eight hundred years ago when Henry I., by marrying Maud, daughter of Malcolm III., gave England her first Scottish Queen.

TWO CORRECTIONS.

On page 218 of our issue of May 5th, we published a photograph of Miss Margaret Carey-Evans and Mr. C. E. Almstron, and described him as her fiancé. Miss Carey-Evans is not engaged to Mr. Almstron, and we much regret any annoyance caused to either of them by this mistake.

We also regret having wrongly described (page 199, May 5th) Miss Eve Patrick as the daughter of Mr. Mark Patrick and Lady Evelyn Patrick. Miss Patrick is the daughter of Mr. Mark Patrick and Mrs. Derek Savile.



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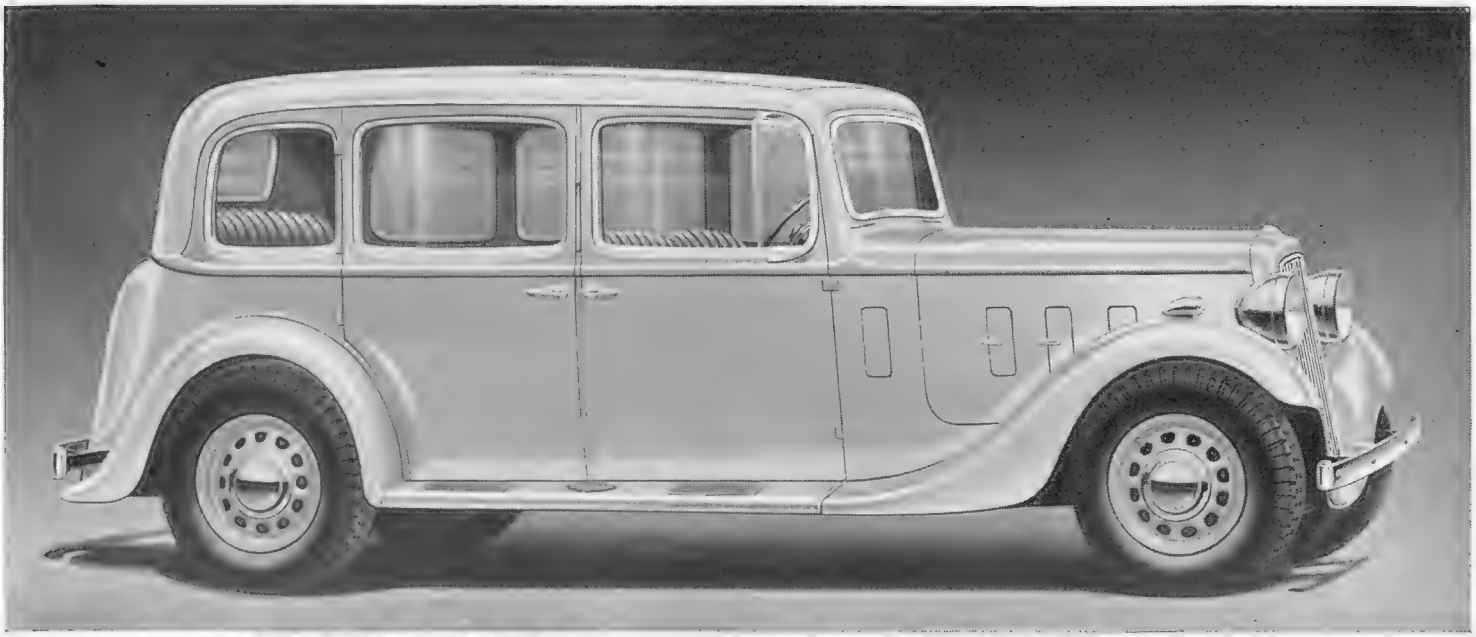
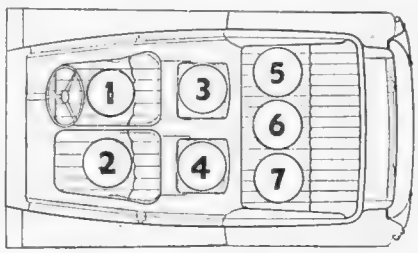


MORE *and* LESS...

MORE *ROOM*...
SEATS 7 ADULTS

LESS *COST*
ONLY.... £328

The headline of this advertisement may seem a contradiction in terms. How can a car be more and less at the same time? Well, let us look at it in this way. A car of 18 h.p. rating usually has seats for only five passengers. The Austin Eighteen *has seating for seven:* seats definitely designed with ample headroom and legroom for seven full-grown people; two seats in the front, three behind, and, in addition, two comfortable folding seats!



Now let us look at the Austin Eighteen from the point of view of price. The average seven-seater saloon costs nearer £400 than £300; many seven-seaters cost much more. The Austin Eighteen Saloon costs only £328. It is, in fact, *the only British full seven-seater saloon available at so low a price.* It is unique. It is your soundest investment whether you require a full seven-seater or simply the best motoring value under £350.

NOTABLE FEATURES: Two occasional folding seats. Folding occasional tables. Front seats independently adjustable—rear seats also adjustable. Smooth six-cylinder engine. Synchromesh gears. Girling brakes. Jackall hydraulic jacks. Hydraulic shock absorbers. Zinc interleaved springing. Adjustable steering column. Pytchley sliding roof. Extra low-pressure tyres. Triplex toughened glass.

PRICES *(at works)*:

YORK SALOON	£328
CHALFONT SALOON *(with division)*	£335
HERTFORD SALOON *(five-seater)*	£298

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THE *Austin* EIGHTEEN

YOU BUY A CAR—BUT YOU INVEST IN AN AUSTIN

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Grave and Gay: By Alan Thomas

"THREE COMRADES," by Erich Maria Remarque (Hutchinson; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is a novel of disillusionment and post-war wreckage. The two beacon lights shining through the gloom are the sense of comradeship between the three German ex-Servicemen—the Three Comrades of the title—and the love of one of them for the girl, Pat. And even she is to die of consumption. The book is long and astonishingly easy to read (in spite of indifferent translation). But there are times when the mood of bitterness and failure becomes over-oppressive. One feels somehow that life's essential resilience is missing.

The following quotation gives an idea of the theme—

We had meant to wage war against the lies, the selfishness, the greed, the inertia of the heart that was the cause of all that lay behind us—we had become hard, without trust in anything but in our comrades beside us and in things, the sky, trees, the earth, bread, tobacco, that never played false to any man—and what had come of it? All collapsed, perverted and forgotten. And to those who had not forgotten was left only powerlessness, despair, indifference and schnapps. The day of great dreams for the future of mankind was past. The busybodies, the self-seekers triumphed. Corruption. Misery.

Misery indeed, as we follow the fortunes of our three comrades (motor mechanics by trade) and of the motley crowd they live among—hangers-on, drifters, prostitutes, frequenters of the Café International. Politics, as such, scarcely come into the picture, except on one occasion when one of the three comrades is killed in a political dust-up (the period, I imagine, is just pre-Hitler, when Communists and Nazis were staging street fights every day). But what Herr Remarque does bring out very clearly is the way in which the condition of the people in Germany was favourable for the growth of a substitute religion. "They want to believe in something again—in what, it doesn't matter." Some of the incidental passages—selling a car to a Jew, for example, or the routing out of a specialist to attend Pat in an emergency—are excellently done. And one feels that Robert's love for Pat is a genuine emotion, as real as anything he can ever believe in—he, poor man, who is so obviously fated to die of cirrhosis of the liver.

The translation of this book leaves something to be desired—*e.g.*, "Last I

(*Concluded on page* xii)

Mr. Frederick Lonsdale, the playwright, has Lady Morvyth Benson on one arm, and Miss Merle Oberon on the other. Merle Oberon made her first appearance in public since her motor accident at the charity gala, "Midnight With the Stars," given in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund

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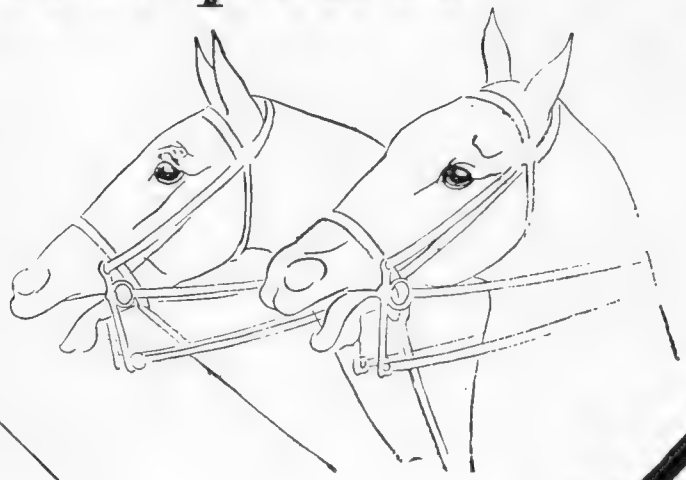

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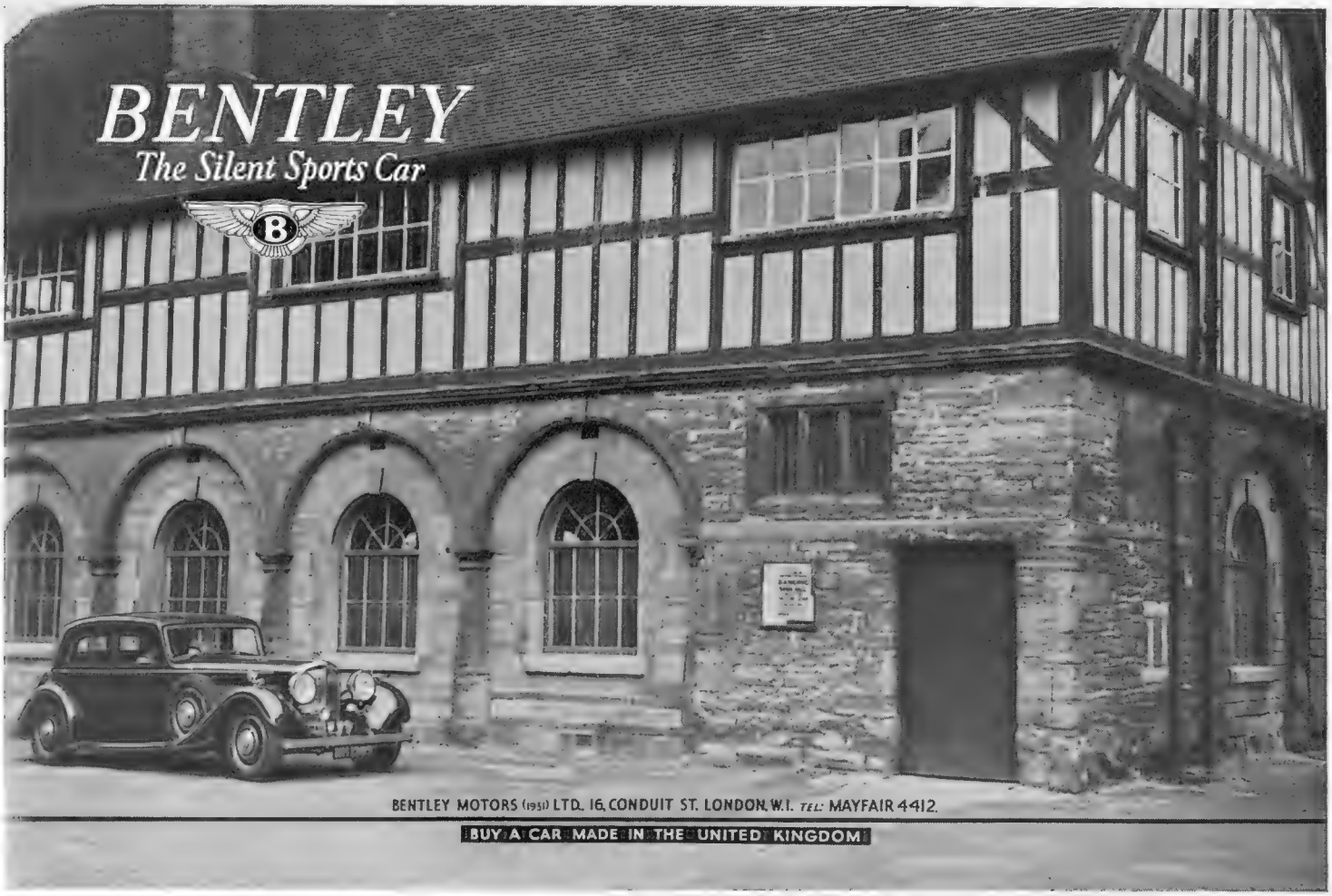

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

(Continued from page x)

saw, your price was mere wish fulfilment"; "in the cards" for "on the cards"; and in more than one passage there is a German rather than an English ring about the dialogue.

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES' new novel, *The House by the Sea* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a good, swift-moving thriller, distinguished among its other qualities by a refreshing absence of trans-Atlantic idiom. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes gets her effects of suspense and horror by the use of simple, vivid English, and although her hero is an American, there is not a wise-crack in the book. The setting of the House by the Sea is the French Riviera, and against a seductive background of luxurious villas, cloudless skies, and a tideless sea, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' young American falls in love with a mysterious Russian girl who lives with a grotesque old Russian Princess and her son. Their way of life is odd and sinister. The American, involved with them because of his infatuation, suspects them of being either gamblers with a system or dope-pedlars. And then grim things begin to happen in the house where he is staying. Passports disappear; jewels are stolen; a maid is murdered. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes skilfully keeps the secret to the end, when the American gets his girl and finds—as he had hoped—she is an injured innocent. While there is nothing strikingly original about the plot, the developments are so well handled, the characterisation so brilliant, and the scenery so attractively described that I have no hesitation in giving this novel a first for readability.

WHILE I am handing out firsts, I award another to Mr. Peter Traill for *The Sleeve of Night* (Grayson; 7*s.* 6*d.*). This also is a crime novel, plausible and well-contrived, in which the characters are as important as the plot. The detection is done by a stockbroker, John Tealman, whose girl-friend is shot dead while he is abroad. The jury bring in a verdict of suicide, but Tealman, convinced that the girl was murdered, manages by means of his considerable powers of deduction and logic (unusual in a stockbroker?), to run the murderer to earth. But with the mystery solved, Mr. Traill gives a twist to his ending that is characteristic of his flair for the unexpected. He is a detective-story writer after my own heart: he plays fair with the reader throughout; he cancels out his suspects convincingly; and he gives his murderer an adequate motive. *The Sleeve of Night* has real distinction and originality.

FOR light, humorous reading I can confidently prescribe *How Dare You, Sir!*, by Noël Godber (John Long; 7*s.* 6*d.*) The author is an ingenious contriver of farcical situations as well as a writer of brisk, amusing dialogue. His cast includes two young men, more or less on pleasure bent; an ineffable and highly disapproving she-dragon named Mrs. Catwick-Phimper; her niece, Diana, the soul of indiscretion so far as her diary is concerned; Mr. Biffbaum, an American motor magnate anxious to acquire a Norfolk Broad; Major Pough-Adderley, whose bath-chair gets hitched up to Mrs. Catwick-("How-dare-you-sir!")-Phimper's motor-car; chauffeurs, yokels, and others. The chief property is an artificially-constructed island — perfect setting for the hilarious farce our author stages. Mr. Godber already has several amusing novels to his credit, and with *How Dare You, Sir!* he is well on the road to becoming one of our leading merchants of laughter.

VISITORS in search of information about London will like to know of Arthur Mee's *London* (Hodder and Stoughton; 12*s.* 6*d.*), and of H. V. Morton's *Guide to London* (Methuen; 5*s.*). These two books to some extent complement one another. Mr. Mee's volume is a mine of information on modern London, its twenty-nine cities and towns, from Hampstead to Woolwich, from Hackney to Wandsworth—nearly nine hundred pages and fully illustrated. Mr. Morton's book, running to just over three hundred pages, is concerned chiefly with the ghosts of London—for "Everything in London is the ghost of something else, and often not one ghost, but a whole company of them." This is an up-to-date edition of the handbook which Mr. Morton brought out in 1926, and contains an Appendix, mentioning places and monuments in London having a direct American association.

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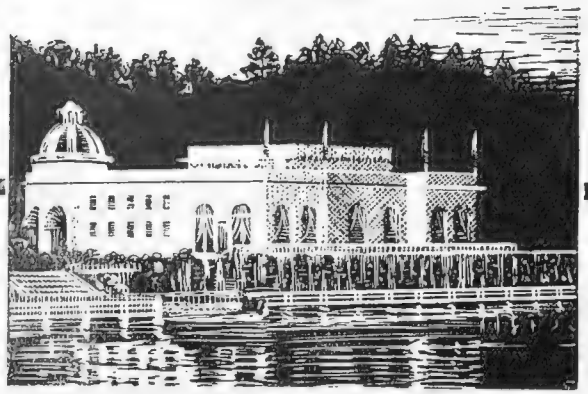


Coronation Social Route

(Cont. from page 333)

Bassano

Mrs. Algernon Fitzroy

The Speaker's wife was hostess at a reception for two thousand five hundred guests in the Houses of Parliament during Coronation week. Her husband, who, with the Lord Mayor of London, led the procession to the Abbey, has held the most honourable seat in the Commons since 1928

at Someries House, Regent's Park, should be fun if it is hot. And the finest setting of all will be the redecorated Mansion House, when the Lady Mayoress holds her dance—it is not often a Lady Mayoress has a debutante in her "year."

There are amusing rumours that three of our sweetest and most sociable grande dames, who happen to be celebrating their golden weddings this year, are planning a surprise party—I shall be sorry for any hostess who clashes with it. It should equal in success the memorable Hags' Hop at the Ritz twenty years ago.

COMING private balls and dances for the debutantes—no one knows at what point a "dance" graduates into a "ball"—are the heaviest in recorded social history. It is often said—and quite wrongly—that there was more and grander entertaining before the war. What really happened was that the Smart Set—already an old-fashioned period ring to this title—had a monopoly of entertaining, cornered all invitations, and expected on May 1st to have their engagement books filled daily for three months ahead. Nor were they disappointed. There were more large town houses open, and the older people went to everything, including the dances, then less youthful. The large affairs naturally made, and in the memory still make, a bigger impression than their modern equivalent of thousands of supper-club parties. But outside the "S.S.", life was socially slow. . . .

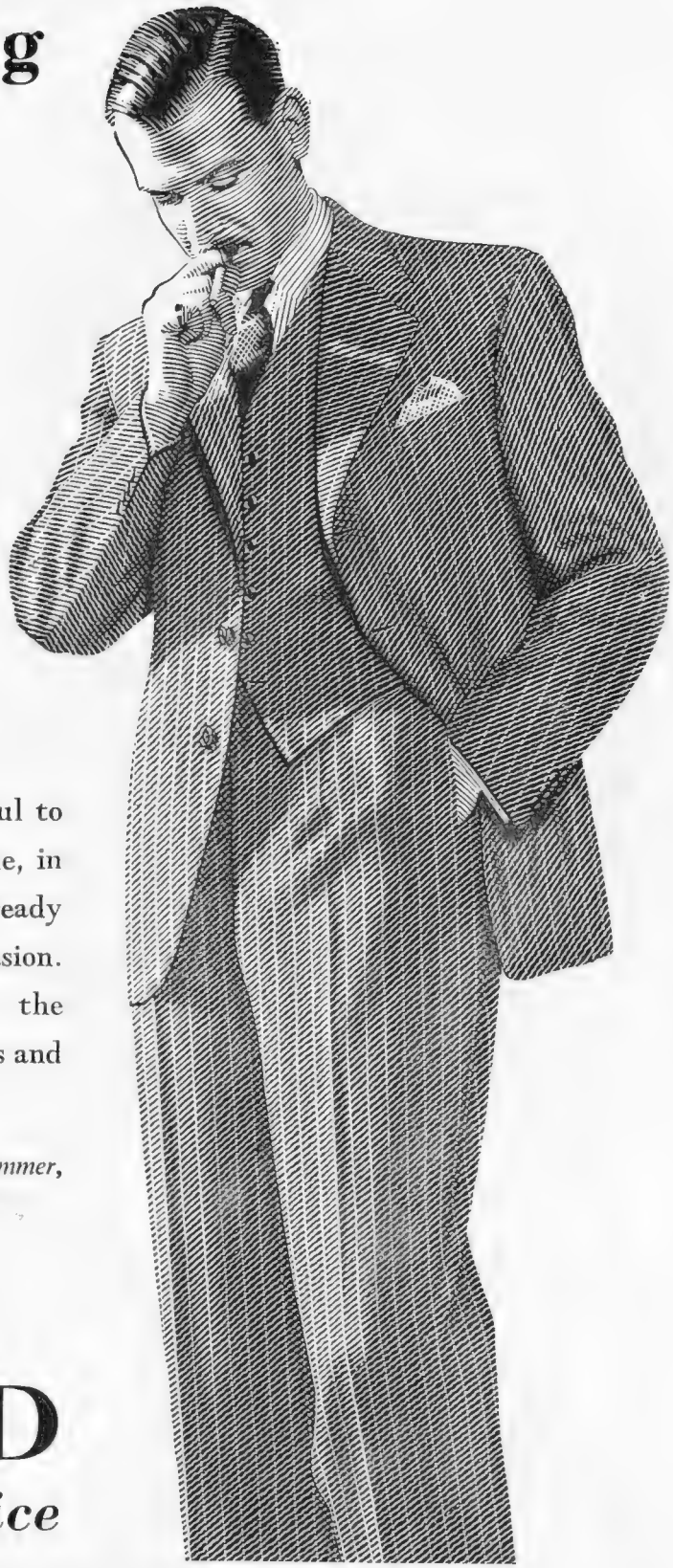
There are so many splendid affairs this summer that they tend to neutralise each other in the public mind. "There 's an awful lot going on" is the general conclusion, and the personal problem for the Popular Boys is to choose between the rival offerings of over *one hundred and fifty* dance-hostesses. The old rule—never leave a good party for another—is still a safe one. Some of the best dances are officially announced as "small," like Lady Vernon's next Monday, in the other Trafalgar Square, in one of those delightful better-than-Georgian houses of Architect Oliver Hill, where the entertaining is on the ground floor—removing the stair and landing discomfort and confusion. This dance is for Avice Vernon, and guests will wonder which is mother, which daughter.

A ball that will stand out is Lady Moyne's in that enormous house in Grosvenor Place, for Grania Guinness.

THE really smart annual charity balls like the Caledonian and Lady Milbanke's Derby Ball on the 31st, are expected to register new all-time heights, but the organisers of others are not so sure, with such tremendous private competition. They hope that an over-full London will come to their aid, but several subscription affairs are on the sick-list, some are running a high temperature, and may be prescribed a rest till the autumn.

The only Ball-in-the-Zoo has been revived for July 6th, and will bring some welcome fresh air into tired lungs—someone should present a prize to the first hostess who offers no stairs, no supper-room queue, and an air-conditioned ballroom with plenty of doors. . . .

Ready for anything in half an hour!



In the swiftly moving world of to-day it is useful to remember that Austin Reed's are at all times able, in half an hour, to equip you with first-class, ready tailored clothes for every social and sporting occasion. You are able to choose with full confidence in the correctness of the cut, the quality of the materials and the value for money.

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The Paris Exhibition

As the opening of the great Exhibition in Paris draws near, it is appropriate to give, at random, a foretaste of what we may expect under the title, "Technical Arts as Applied to Modern Life."

Electricians will make for the gigantic cylinder-shaped glass case in which, between two charged spheres, a spark will be flashed ten feet in length—under a tension of no less than five million volts. In the rebuilt gardens of the Trocadero there is an aquarium where you will be able to see, in a transparent octagonal basin containing three hundred tons of water, native pearl-fishers at work under water, diving displays by scientifically equipped divers, and all manner of queer fish from all parts of the world.

In the Palace of Discoveries, an immense artificial rainbow will form an archway to welcome you to the optics department where, among other things, you will be able to peer into the invisible world—that of the ultra-violet infra-red rays. You will be initiated into the mysteries of colour formation, obscurity, polarisation, refraction, and the diffusion of light, and, as a pièce de résistance, an artificial sunset will be projected. In the Planetarium you will be able to see close-ups of stars (celestial).

Essais de Lumière: fireworks and lighting effects will be a feature of the Paris Exhibition, and here is a pre-view taken at a rehearsal

In the Cold Storage Pavilion, the tower, 150 ft. high, is to be snow-covered throughout the Exhibition; from its four corners, every night, showers of snow will fall, illuminated by powerful searchlights. The Regional Centre shows you France divided into seventeen principal regions, each having its own traditional and local characteristics, represented in a special pavilion. In this way, one is able to know just where to go in order to see the china of Limoges, the tapestries of Aubusson, to taste Breton cookery in a picturesque village inn, eat olives from Provence, sausages from Arles, quiche lorraine or pâtes de foie gras from Strasbourg, to drink the Clos-Vougeot of Burgundy or Château-Lafitte of Médoc.

France Overseas also comes into the picture. There are to be a Corsican village, a Moorish café, glimpses of Berber life in an Algerian caravanserai, the house of a wealthy Malagasy of Madagascar, and exhibits from French Equatorial Africa, Guadeloupe, and Martinique.

On the amusement side there are to be Fêtes of Light, when the cascades of the Trocadero will be transformed into waters of gold, the surface of the Seine will shimmer with multi-coloured hues, and the Eiffel Tower will project rays over the whole Exhibition; Festivals of Flowers and of Youth; special performances of opera, from Vienna, Moscow, La Scala of Milan, Prague, Bayreuth, Warsaw, and the Metropolitan of New York; a programme of famous plays to be performed in five theatres forming a "Cartel des Théâtres de Paris," under the direction of a special group of actor-managers.

Special fares to the Exhibition from this country will be available.

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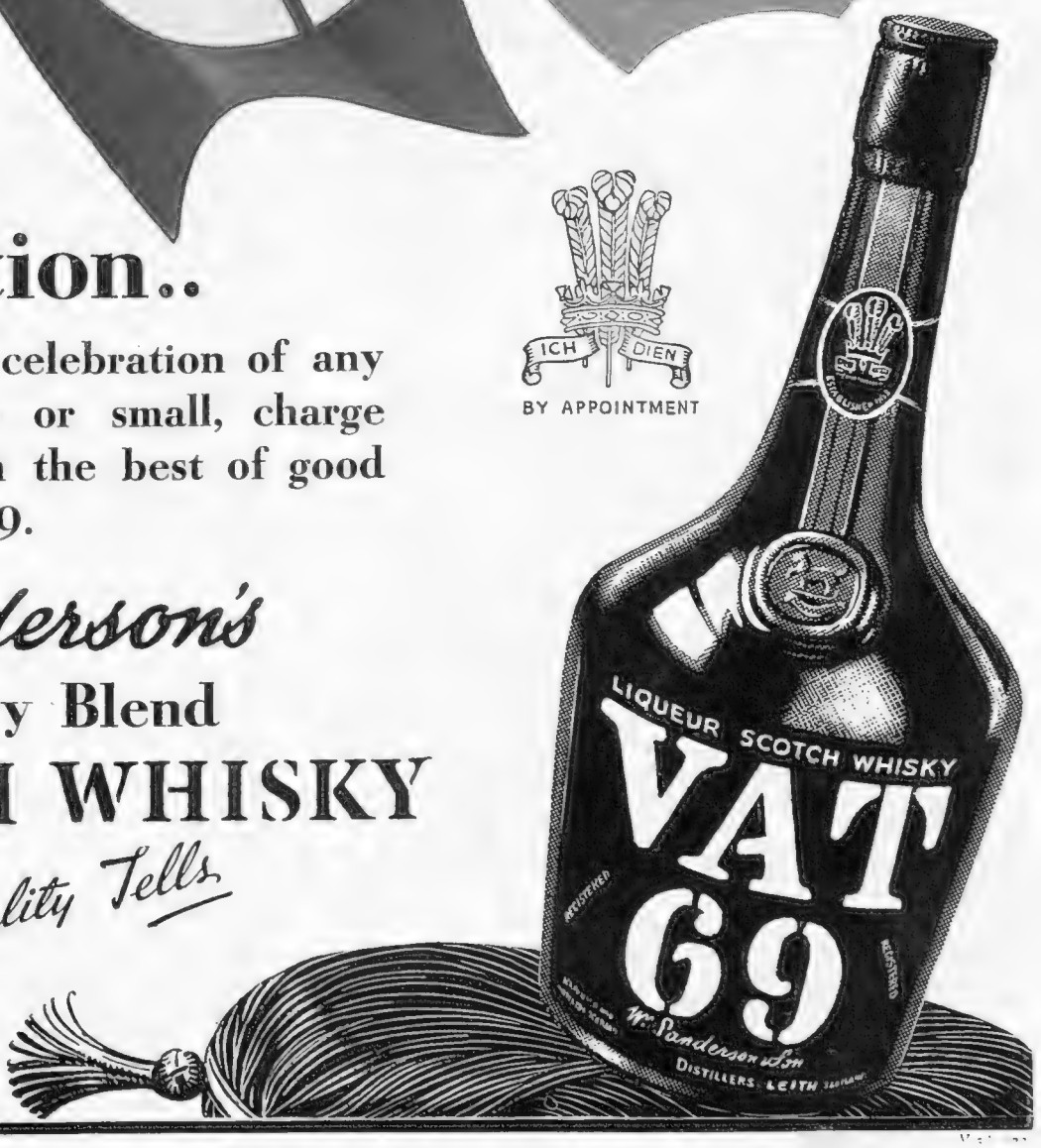

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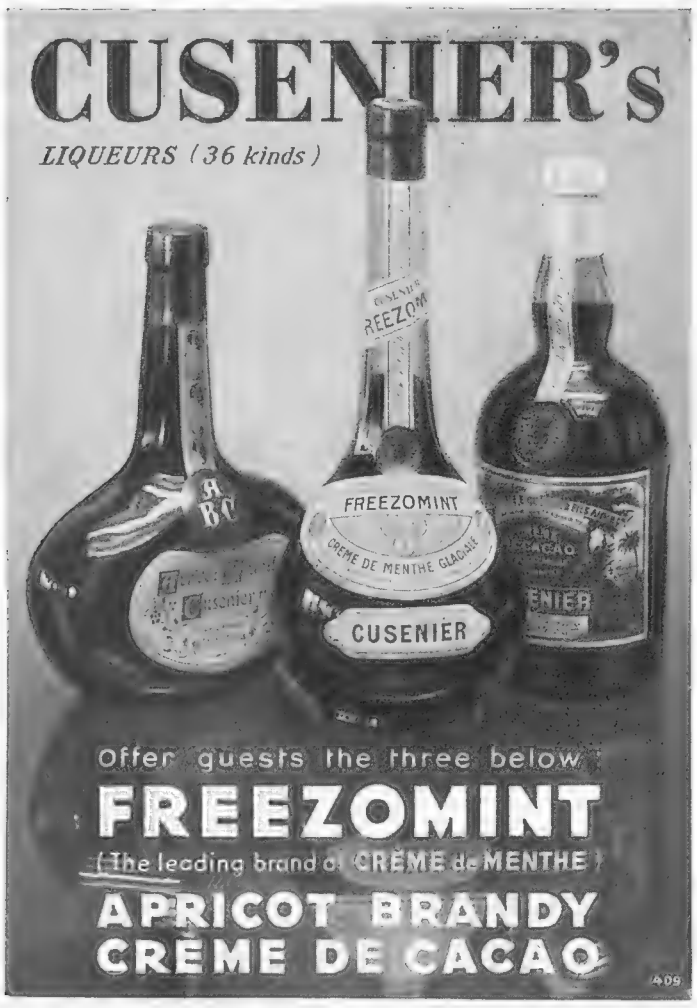
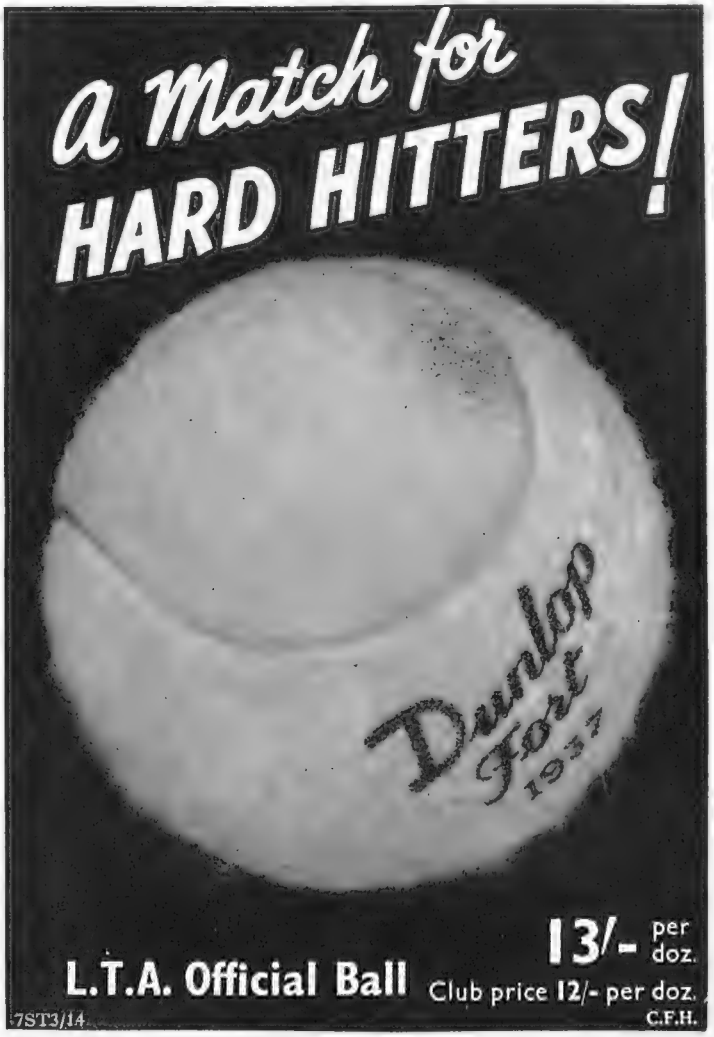
Records and Achievements in the Air

By Charles Ward

Lack of big prizes is not acting as a great deterrent to long-distance record flights, as one imagined would be the case. Mr. Broadbent's journey home from Australia in six days and the odd hours, nearly thirty-five hours better than the time taken by Mr. H. L. Brook two years ago, was made in a Leopard "Moth," a type now withdrawn from production. It was a particularly fine effort, as the Leopard is not a fast machine according to modern standards. From Cyprus to London in a day, which was the last lap of his flight, involved a distance of 1900 miles. On two other days, Mr. Broadbent covered comparable hops—from Darwin to Singapore and from Allahabad to Basra. Anyone who has flown to the Far East by air liner will realise that these stages were tremendous. Skilful navigation, physical endurance—twelve hours' sleep in six days—and the ability to fly easily at night account for this success. In less than two years' time, Imperial Airways will offer the same speed to the paying passenger, with a comfortable berth for each night's rest. Coincident with this flight from Australia, Mr. Brook, whose record was to be beaten, was flying home from South Africa. He cut sixteen hours from the time taken by Miss Amy Johnson for the same journey: approximately 7000 miles in twenty minutes over four days. His 'plane was a Percival "Gull," cruising at 156 miles an hour, the same type as that used by Miss Jean Batten, who holds the outward record to Australia. His best day's effort was 2050 miles from Kisumu on the Equator to Cairo. A Rumanian Prince is tackling the outward trip to the Cape, aided by a Robot pilot, which in turn is connected to a klaxon and an electric bracelet, intended to warn him if anything goes wrong whilst he 's sleeping. An honour that will be popular at Croydon is that conferred upon Jack Bamford, manager of Air France—the Cross of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. He was first-known on the airport in 1920 with Messageries Aeriennes, transferring to the Air Union, which was in turn absorbed by Air France. He is one of the most popular figures in the travel trade in London.

His Majesty learnt to fly as Duke of York at the end of the Great War, and has always taken a keen interest in aviation. He is seen above with Mr. Nigel Norman, watching a flying display at Heston





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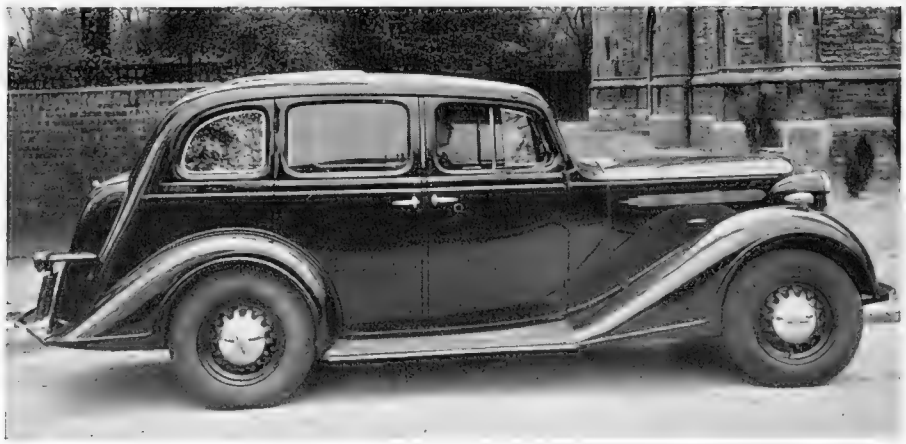
Cars with a Personality: The 25-h.p. Vauxhall

By The Earl of Cardigan



The 25-h.p. Vauxhall is built on a big scale as regards everything except its cost. Although extremely well equipped, this saloon model is actually listed at less than £300

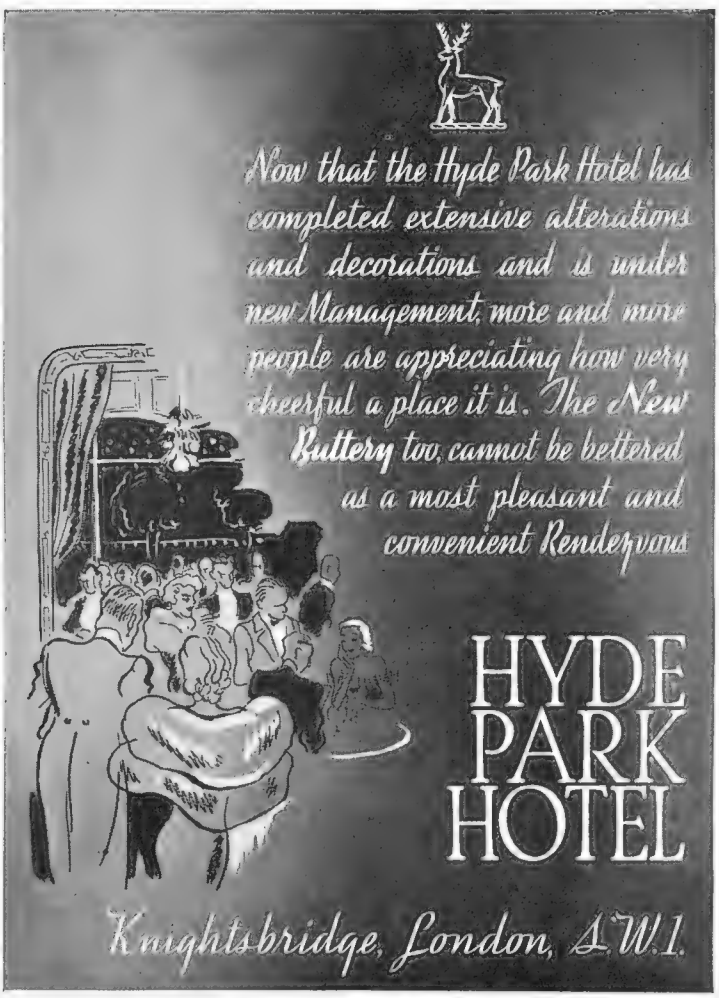
The driver's comfort has been carefully considered, as may be judged from the provision of an instantly adjustable steering column. The twin screen-wipers are driven directly from the engine

THERE must be a great many motorists who set a high value on power and speed and roominess, but who have never felt inclined to lay out £500 or £600 for the sake of big-car ownership. A great deal has been done for such people during the past few years, notably in the production of big cars at prices between £300 and £400; but there can seldom have been a more helpful contribution to this branch of motoring than the announcement of a 25-h.p. Vauxhall model at £295.

The Vauxhall reputation is such that it is hardly necessary to say of this car that it has an uncommonly fine performance. One expects a good deal of 25 h.p.; but even the hardened motorist cannot fail to be impressed by the power and flexibility which the new engine provides. Everything can be done in top gear, and the rate of acceleration is consistently excellent throughout the speed-range.

In third gear—and it is a synchromesh third gear—there is a maximum

(Concluded on page xxii)



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We invite readers of the "Bystander," who are planning celebration dinner parties during Coronation year to send for menus, composed by famous chefs, which we have had specially prepared for the occasion. Advice to cooks regarding the preparation and cooking of the meal is included in a folder which will be sent, post free, on application to Dept. B.S., THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY, 63, Conduit Street, London, W.1.

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ILLUSTRATED IS THE PREMIER ESSE No. 71

Cars with a Personality *(Continued from page xx)*

of about 55 m.p.h. The extreme top-gear speed is not less than 80 m.p.h. This Vauxhall is therefore a really fast car; and—since it runs with remarkable smoothness and silence—is also designed to be driven by the ordinary man at a high average speed without any sense of fatigue being engendered.

THE springing is of unusual interest. The rear springs are semi-elliptic; but the front wheels are sprung independently, so as to give a "soft" type of suspension. The result is quite admirable when it is a question of traversing a rough surface in unbroken comfort, and extremely good also as regards steady road-holding at speed.

The amount of space at the back is generous. The interior lights are switched on automatically when the doors are opened

The luggage compartment is big enough to hold a number of suit-cases. The spare wheel is housed separately, having its own compartment underneath

It is a curious fact, however, that, when the car is driven badly—and we had better admit that bad drivers are numerous enough to demand attention—the soft front springing produces a certain recoil if the brakes are used in coming to a standstill. There is no fault in the braking—indeed, it would be hard to find a car which is better braked—and there is certainly no jerk when the driver exercises his intelligence. It is simply a matter of the clumsy driver finding his own jerkiness somewhat magnified.

The steering is very light and pleasant, and it is noteworthy that, although this Vauxhall is of such large dimensions, it is never in the least degree unwieldy, and, indeed, is remarkably easy to handle, even in the densest traffic. A good and unusual feature is that the self-starter works in conjunction with the clutch pedal. Thus, if the engine should be accidentally stalled, the act of declutching automatically restarts it.

THE coachwork provides a truly generous degree of comfort, with ample space for four or five passengers to recline at their ease. The equipment is luxurious, and one need look no further than the dual screen-wiper for an example of special and ingenious planning. This wiper is driven directly from the car's own 25-h.p. engine, and thus is practically immune from the likelihood of failure. The price of the saloon model—£298—is a final attraction which speaks eloquently for itself.

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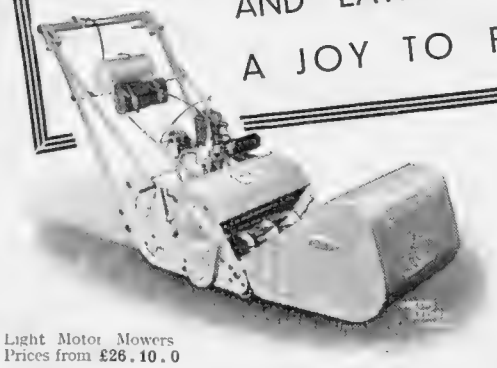

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At Gleneagles Hotel G.C. (King's Course),

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Holders: Miss Robertson-Durham and Miss Helen Nimmo.

Entries close Friday, May 28th. Enter NOW.

Open to all players, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English, or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign and other competitors without L.G.U. handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the Bystander reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, May 28th.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament. Seeded draw.

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To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Gleneagles with

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Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner to Miss Helme as above, or after June 12th to her at Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire. Telephone: Auchterarder 70.

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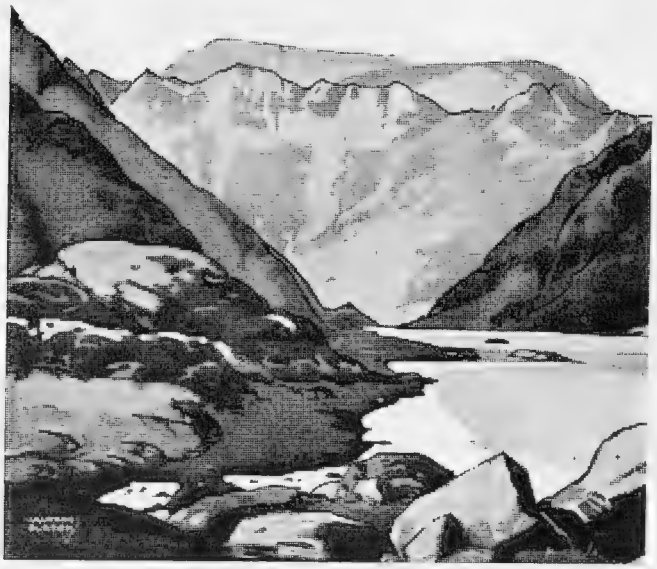

The thrill of the WESTERN HIGHLANDS

THOSE who have never been to Skye have still to know Britain's most beautiful isle. Skye has to be experienced to be believed. Its mystic beauty defies the art of description.

Rugged and colourful, Skye and the Western Highlands hold bewitching glamour for all who holiday there. Your heart will beat faster to the thrill of Skye and warm to its engaging hospitality.

Come this year and explore its enthralling beauties on foot or by bus as fancy moves you. Obtain to-day the guides listed below and plan a Western Highland holiday.

L M S and L.N.E.R. Monthly Return Tickets are only a penny a mile by any of the famous expresses (three-halfpence a mile first class) and you're entitled to break your journey on the route, going or coming back. In many parts of Scotland you can get "Weekly Holiday Season Tickets". Their price is from 7/6 and with them you are free to travel by any train in a wide area for a week.

With a return ticket to Scotland you have the choice of travelling back by the East Coast, West Coast or Midland routes, with break of journey at any station.

The following holiday guides are obtainable free from L M S or L.N.E.R. Offices and Agencies:

"Scotland for the Holidays" "Land of Scott and Burns" "Clyde Coast and Loch Lomond" "Through the Trossachs"

L M S — "Scottish Apartments Guide" (3d.)
L·N·E·R — "The Holiday Handbook" (6d.)

MOTOR CARS accompanied by one first-class or two third-class adult passengers are conveyed to include outward and homeward journeys at the reduced rate of 4½d. a mile charged on the single journey mileage for distances not less than 50 miles. Single journey charges at 3d. a mile.

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Sphere BRACES
Strong & Reliable
Easy adjustment and just the right amount of "give," very comfortable and lasting

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SPHERE SUSPENDERS, BRACES and GARTERS
STAND PRE-EMINENT
FAIRE BROS & CO., LTD., LEICESTER

Ask Your Outfitter

A Striking Tunic Suit from the

LONDON ASSOCIATION FOR THE BLIND

(Registered under the Blind Person's Act, 1920)

CREATORS OF DISTINCTIVE KNITWEAR.

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Among Scotts' Collection of the fashionable Breton sailor—this wide-brimmed model of straw with a ribbon fantasy **3 gns.**

Scotts, Ltd., 1 Old Bond Street, W.1

Special Summer Prices

Come to the City and compare our Wholesale Value before purchasing elsewhere.

THE glorious New Models now being offered represent the finest possible value, because we actually make them in our own workrooms—all intermediate profits are entirely eliminated. Every garment is fully guaranteed and marked at reduced Summer Price.

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Three-quarter Cape in Canadian
Silver Fox
from exquisitely marked skins
Finest possible Value!
Summer Price
59 gns

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Half minute from St. Paul's Station (Underground)

"Durley"

Heavy washing Silk Dress suitable for cruising or tennis. In white, pink, blue or green. Hip sizes: 38, 40, 42 and 44 ins.

70/-

Stock Sizes—Second Floor.

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WAIFS & STRAYS
SOCIETY

4,500 CHILDREN NOW IN OUR CARE

40,000 CHILDREN RESCUED

BABY ANTHONY has never known a mother's love; she died two days after he was born. His father—unemployed—was faced with the problem of caring for his four other young children, so there was no safe place in the home for this tiny baby.

Any help gratefully received by the Secretary, OLD TOWN HALL, KENNINGTON, S.E.11.

Coronation Charities

Deserving Causes at a Deserving Time

Small Member of a Large Family

Dr. Barnardo's Homes

THE Coronation has been celebrated in many ways throughout the country, and at this time of national rejoicing one of the most appropriate and effective methods is to send a donation towards the 8200 members of Dr. Barnardo's family.

Their Majesties the King and Queen are Patrons of this great national charity which, in some seventy years, has rescued and placed on the road to a useful career more than 120,000 destitute boys and girls. Gifts of 10s. towards the children's bread and butter will be gratefully received at 74, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, E.1.

The London Association of the Blind

THE president of this organisation, also most deserving at a time of national rejoicing, is W. Stanley Hitchins: Sir Francis Morris is the hon. treasurer.

The Association was founded in 1857 as the Surrey Association for the Welfare of the Blind, and its name was changed to the present one in 1910. Two years later flat knitting machines, enabling blind workers to turn out high-class work, were installed. In 1923 the factory, office and showroom were moved to Rosedale House, Warwick Street (present address), and next year the Association became the first to train blind men to work behind power machinery.

This fine organisation is still extending rapidly, but it is in urgent need of funds to enable expansion of accommodation.

A NEW REIGN
-with your help

Loyal subjects unite in greetings to their Majesties whose lives are dedicated to the service of their people. In humbler measure, the Church Army, too, serves the people. What better way to mark this great occasion than by doing a kindly act through the Church Army?

Please send your gift, to give the distressed and suffering a new reign of happiness, to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1

THE CHURCH ARMY

HOT TEA, BREAD and DRIPPING at Midnight...

is given free to hundreds of homeless and hungry men and women from

THE SILVER LADY'S ALL-NIGHT TRAVELLING CAFE

which has never failed them yet.

Over 29,000 Free Meals and 13,000 Bed and Breakfast tickets already given this year.

Please help by sending a Gift of money to MISS BETTY BAXTER:

THE SILVER LADY FUND, 6, TUDOR ST., LONDON, E.C.4

BRITISH EMPIRE CANCER CAMPAIGN

QUID REFERAT QUIS OPUS FACIAT QUOD DE NIQUE FIAT

BRITISH EMPIRE CANCER CAMPAIGN

Patron: H.M. THE KING.

The Rt. Hon. LORD WARDINGTON, speaking at the Annual General Meeting, said:

"Intending donors who wish to assist a large number of Institutions and individuals engaged in fighting cancer could not do better than send their gifts to this Campaign. A glance at the schedule of grants made last year will indicate how numerous are the research centres we finance."

DONATIONS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED TO CARRY ON THIS WAR AGAINST CANCER

Please send a Donation to the Hon. Treasurer:

British Empire Cancer Campaign, 12, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

John Groom's Crippleage

THE functions of John Groom's Crippleage, founded in 1866, are fourfold: there are training homes for 300 crippled girls at Edgware and Clerkenwell (almost all the girls coming to these homes are quite unemployable, and here they are taught artificial flower-making and given employment); there is an orphanage for 200 girls (where children from a few weeks to sixteen years are housed and educated); there is a holiday home for crippled girls at Clacton-on-Sea (where there is accommodation for fifty-two holiday visitors); and finally there is the Flower Women's Association, which carries on evangelistic and philanthropic work in Bermondsey and Clerkenwell.

All these functions are reunited in one organisation; no wonder that they suggest their seventieth anniversary, coinciding with Coronation year, as a propitious moment to help.

The Salvation Army

THE Salvation Army, which needs little introduction, is probably one of the strongest unofficial bodies working in the sphere of Empire-building and unity. Its beneficent activities cover practically all the Dominions and Colonies, and its ever-open door is available to the poor and distressed everywhere.

Perhaps one of the outstanding contributions of the Salvation Army in the past days was its migration work, when hundreds of thousands of citizens were transferred from the homeland to the Dominions under the paternal care of the Army.

Meanwhile, its present-day endeavours, covering all phases of human need, from pre-natal clinics to havens for the indigent aged, merit the support of all who have the best interests of the Empire and its peoples at heart.

The British Sailors' Society

IT is fitting at this time of national rejoicing that the British Sailors' Society, of whom King George VI. is Patron, should embark on a forward movement. No better purpose of the Society could be undertaken than that of the completion of the headquarters building. The Sailors' Palace, situated in the heart of Sailordom in the East End of London, was built in 1903, but the original plans were never completed owing to lack of space. The sum of £20,000 is required to build the extension planned on a freehold site recently acquired. To this end, a Brick Book containing twenty 1s. "bricks" has been prepared, and will be sent, on request to Herbert E. Barker, General Secretary, at the British Sailors' Society Headquarters, 680, Commercial Road, London, E.14.

The Imperial Cancer Research Fund

FOUNDED in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England as a centre for Research and information on cancer, the Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The work of this Fund and of other great centres of research has increased the knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer and has so altered the outlook that the disease is now curable in increasing numbers.

But the present accommodation of the research work into this insidious disease is too limited: new, up-to-date laboratories are essential. As the investments and endowments

DR BARNARDO'S HOMES

Wouldn't you like to celebrate the CORONATION

10/-	feeds one child for a fortnight.
£5	feeds twenty children for a week.
£35	supports one child for a year.
£100	rescues and maintains three children for a year.

by lending a helping hand to the Barnardo family of **8,200** boys and girls? Your CORONATION GIFT might help a destitute child to a successful career.

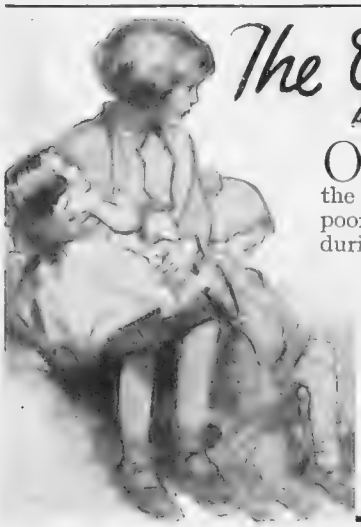
Cheques, etc., should be crossed, made payable to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and forwarded to 74 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

H.M. King George VI said:
– WHEN H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK

"The Society touches the Sailor at every point of his life. It trains him, houses him, gives him recreation, tends him in old age and helps his dependents. It labours ceaselessly and devotedly for all that magnificent body of men upon whom the prosperity of the British Empire so largely depends."

Please Help **THE BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY**

Your gift will be welcomed by The Right Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, Hon. Treasurer, 680 Commercial Road, London, E.14.
Herbert E. Barker, General Secretary.



The General Hospital serving a Million Poor

OWING to shortage of funds 43 beds have already been closed. And now money is badly needed not only to pay off debts, but to provide an up-to-date Out-Patients' Department, to enlarge the Nurses' Home to re-equip wards and for many other purposes. The pennies and shillings of the poor are unfortunately not enough to keep the Royal Northern going. Will YOU please help during Coronation year by sending a Commemoration gift to the Treasurer?

ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL

HOLLOWAY, LONDON, N.7

A Crowning Charity
MAKE A CORONATION OFFERING

JOHN GROOM'S Crippleage and Flower Girls' Mission was founded over 70 years ago by the Great Earl of Shaftesbury and John A. Groom to help crippled girls to become partially self-supporting by training them to make artificial flowers of all kinds. The cost of maintenance and training is heavy and is dependent upon VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS. Funds are *urgently* needed NOW. LEGACIES are a Godsend.

There is always a long waiting list of deserving cases. Must we, through lack of funds, turn a deaf ear to their appeal ?

View of one of the work rooms

JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE
AND FLOWER-GIRLS' MISSION (Inc.)

Please send a contribution—now. If preferred, come to the Crippleage at Edgware (any day except Saturday) and see the fascinating work—or write for a copy of latest report to JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE, 37, Sekforde Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1

The future of these little ones depends on you

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

maintain 1,100 poor boys and girls. Please rally round and help to maintain this large family.

DONATIONS AND LEGACIES URGENTLY NEEDED

164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

FLAGS
on which

THE SUN *never* SETS

Every moment of the day and night, year in, year out, the ubiquitous helping hand of The Salvation Army is tending the poor and distressed throughout our far-flung Empire, from the remote back-woods of Canada and the back blocks of Australia to the squalid back streets of London's slums.

This never-ending work needs your help. May we suggest a donation, however small, to commemorate this Coronation year ?

General Evangeline Booth,
International Headquarters,
101, Queen Victoria St., E.C.4.

The Salvation Army

of the Fund fail to cover annual expenditure, help is urgently needed and should be sent to 8-11, Queen Square, W.C.1.

The Empire Cancer Campaign

IS another deserving organisation battling against the disease which kills one person in seven over the age of thirty-five. The British Empire Cancer Campaign, through its research centres, is conducting an energetic attack upon the disease ; not only is it trying to discover the cause, but it has been extremely successful through research in improving methods of treatment. It can be truly said that the sun never sets upon the battle against cancer, for in the Campaign's branches throughout the Homeland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa the struggle for conquest is being carried on unceasing, unwearied, indomitable. The Honorary Treasurer in charge of the " war chest " (which has become sadly depleted) is anxious that it should be replenished and contributions should be sent to him at 12, Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1.

The Royal Cancer Hospital

THE figures that have been given above concerning the ravages of cancer on the human race show that a fight against this disease is everybody's business, and cannot be over-armed or over-supported.

The Royal Cancer Hospital (Free) in the Fulham Road is in the forefront of the attack and needs all the support it can get. Appealing for the hospital recently, the Archbishop of Canterbury said :

The appeal on behalf of the Royal Cancer Hospital must find its way to every heart which can feel for the afflicted and has the means to express sympathy in practical form. There is hardly an affliction more grievous to suffering humanity than Cancer, and more heartrending to those who witness the agonies of their dear ones suffering from this deadly disease.

The Hospital should have no anxiety as to the means of carrying on its splendid work. I enclose my modest contribution.

The Northern Hospital

BEYOND the northern fringes of Central London there is a hospital called the Royal Northern. But to a million people living within the area of seventy square miles which it serves it is not merely a hospital—it is *the* hospital. It is the very centre of their existence, the greatest power for good in their daily work and occasional play, and without it they would be helpless, lost.

They rely upon *the* hospital for the alleviation of all their so pitiful ills. The mind does boggle slightly at the immensity of this responsibility, and the Royal Northern Hospital needs £350,000 for re-equipment, for maintenance, for the reopening of forty-three beds now closed, for a thousand-and-one daily wants. Further details of the hospital's more urgent requirements can be obtained from the Secretary, Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, N.7.

The Waifs and Strays Society

THE Crown Jewels are much in mind just now, those treasures that are almost beyond price. The Church of England Waifs and Strays Society cares for treasures of a very different kind, and ones that, unfortunately, are frequently overlooked and forgotten, though of infinite value—the needy children of the nation.

The Waifs and Strays Society is now actually caring for over 4600 children, from tiny babies to boys and girls being trained in various livelihoods. The children go out to school

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Patron—HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.
President—THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT HALIFAX, K.G., P.C.
Chairman of the Executive Committee—SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON, BT., G.C.V.O., K.C.B.
Hon. Treasurer—SIR HOLBURT WARING, BT., C.B.E., F.R.C.S.

Founded in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England as a centre for research and information on cancer, The Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The work of this Fund and of other great centres of research has increased our knowlege of the origin and nature of cancer and has so altered our outlook that the disease is now curable in increasing numbers. But our present accommodation is too limited and **we are now building new modern laboratories** to extend the scope of our investigations. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure, and help is urgently needed to meet the heavy additional cost of expansion.

Donations, Subscriptions and Legacies are earnestly solicited and should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, 8/11, Queen Square, London, W.C.1.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby bequeath the sum of £ to the Treasurer of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, 8-11, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.1, for the purpose of Scientific Research, and I direct that his receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.

and church like ordinary children and live as uninstitutional a life as possible.

The King and Queen and H.M. Queen Mary are Patrons of the Society, and its headquarters are at the Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11, whither donations should be sent.

The Church Army

THE Church Army is an organisation which naturally comes to mind at a time of national and royal rejoicing. To a great extent, it is from royal example that has come the wonderful awakening of the social conscience of our people.

In this social awakening the Church Army has played a part; and in rich measure also has it received the gracious help of members of the Royal Family. Prebendary Carlile, founder and Hon. Chief Secretary of the Church Army, who recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday and is still in active control of affairs, is anxious at this time of rejoicing that a special effort should be made to give the many needy and suffering a new reign of happiness and he will gladly welcome gifts for this purpose addressed to him at headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

The Royal Surgical Aid Society

DURING the past seventy-five years the Royal Surgical Aid Society has provided well over a million patients with urgently-needed surgical appliances. For thirty-five years it has enjoyed royal patronage and, in this Coronation year, nothing could more fittingly mark its vital and effective service than an extension of the work at present being done.

Every day the Society receives a large number of applications. Not only in the distressed areas, but in the great L.C.C. housing estates springing up around London, where preference is being given in many cases to delicate families, are fresh fields wherein surgical equipment is desperately needed. The Society would like, in this Coronation year, not to have to refuse a single genuine case from these or any other areas. Its ability to achieve this depends entirely on the number of those who are prepared to make their goodwill active.

The Society's head office is in Salisbury Sq., Fleet St., E.C.4.

The Silver Lady Fund

SOME years have elapsed since a young lady—appalled at the distressing sights to be seen nightly in one of our most famous thoroughfares—the Thames Embankment—decided to use her endeavours in some way to mitigate the hard lot of London's "down-and-outs." Miss Betty Baxter—or to give her the title by which she is better known and loved by her humble friends, the "Silver Lady"—is the young woman in question. Her work has grown. Every night, when her new mobile coffee-stall draws up at Admiralty Arch, six or seven hundred "guests" await her. Can we wonder that the name of the Silver Lady is one to conjure with in the underworld of London? Her offices are at 6, Tudor Street, E.C.4.

Miss Betty Baxter

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE CORONATION

and to mark the 75th year of its work

The Royal Surgical Aid Society has decided to issue double the usual number of "Letters" in respect of all special "CORONATION DONATIONS" received during May, thus enabling donors to double the benefits they confer. Will you please send a cheque, specially designated as a Coronation Donation, to the Secretary?

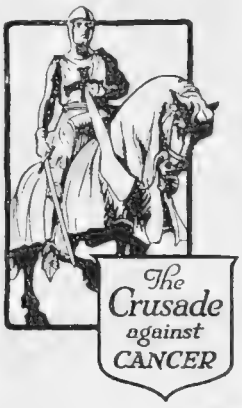
ROYAL SURGICAL AID SOCIETY

Patron: HIS MAJESTY THE KING

Head Office: SALISBURY SQUARE, LONDON E.C.4.

as your Coronation 'good deed'

In the Fulham Road amidst the ceaseless buzz of London Traffic, stands The Royal Cancer Hospital—headquarters of the Crusade against Cancer! Here, at the very heart of the Empire, Doctors, Nurses and Scientists are fighting ceaselessly day and night the "Unknown Terror" that takes toll of 60,000 lives every year in Great Britain alone. But, more pounds, shillings and pence — important weapons in this present-day crusade—are urgently needed if still further progress is to be made. You can join the crusade either by making an annual subscription of one guinea (which entitles you to become a governor of The Royal Cancer Hospital) or by sending a donation of any other amount to the Treasurer.



The Royal Cancer Hospital

(FREE)

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The "Sunningdale"

Here is a jacket specially designed for those who want real comfort as well as style in their sports wear. The expanding pleats at the back give exceptional freedom for movement without detracting from the smart lines of the coat. It can be made to measure in an extremely large variety of materials, including Saxonies, Cheviots, Homespuns, etc.

JACKET & PLUS FOURS (OR TROUSERS) from 6 GNS.
MADE TO MEASURE

Write for catalogue, patterns and easy self-measurement form.

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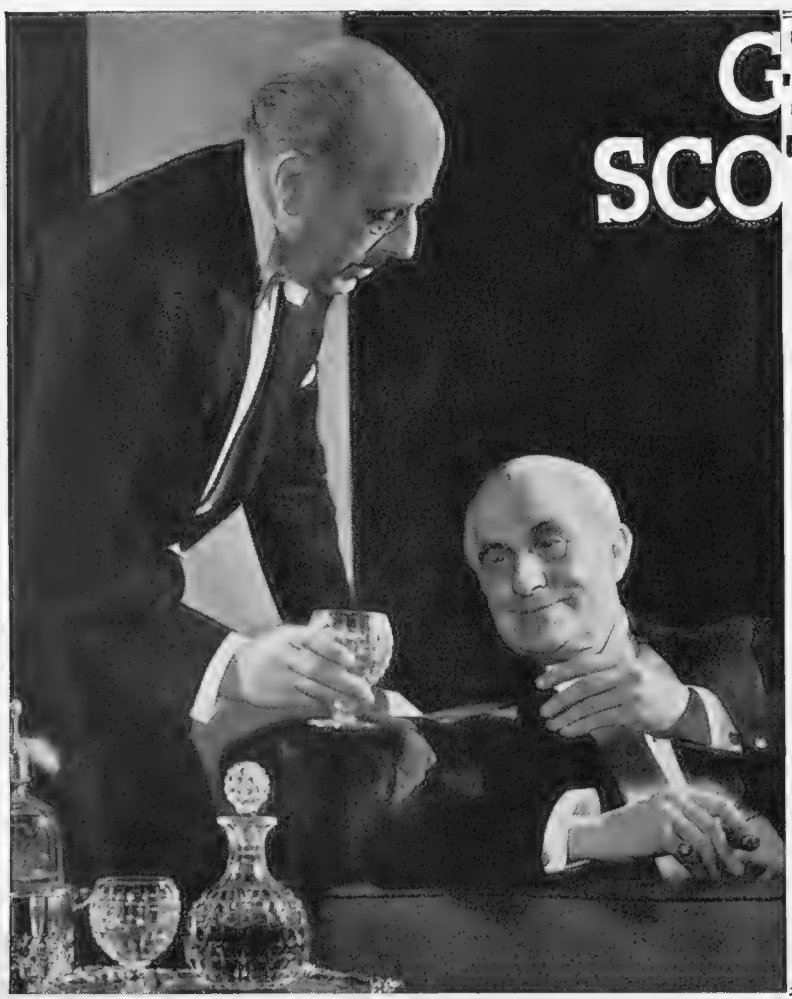

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No. 6510. No. 6516.

No. 6510.—**Sporting Seat-Stick,** wood stem, aluminium fittings, pigskin grip, lock-on detachable ground plate **£1.5.0**

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Postage and Packing Abroad 3/6 extra.

Full Illustrated Catalogue on Application.

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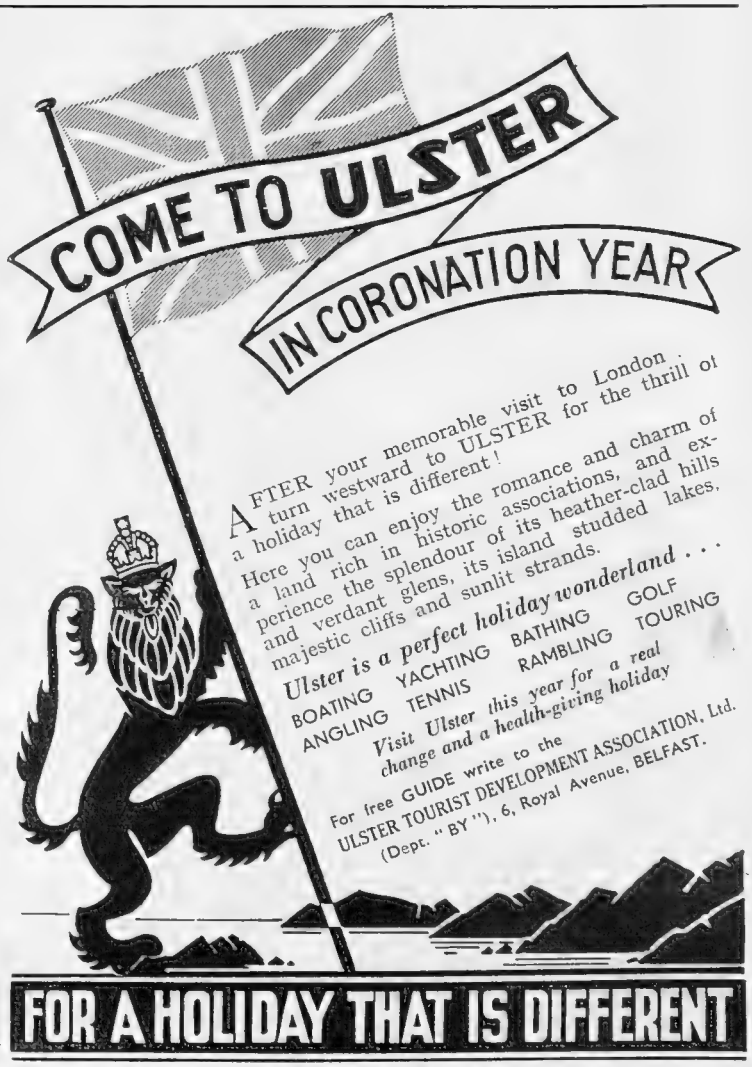
THE ROYAL LIQUEUR

Drambuie has been made in Scotland for almost two hundred years, from a secret recipe based on old Scotch Whisky and honey.

The recipe came to Scotland with Prince Charlie in 1745, and Drambuie was then valued as a rare and precious drink. This fine aromatic Liqueur is worthy of the most critical palate.

An Indispensable Part of a Good Cocktail.

Drambuie



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by Debenhams

(Catalogue sent on request)

Dainty delphinium blue muslin frock with raised openwork design in white. Sizes 18 to 26 ins. Size 18 in. 65/6 *Rising 5/- each size*

Dainty muslin frock broderie Anglais design in white on blue ground. Over silk lining. Sizes 28, 30, 32 and 33/36. Size 28 ins. 5½ *gns. Rising 10/6 each size.*

Wide brimmed shady hats trimmed flowers or ribbon suitable for wearing with this type of frock

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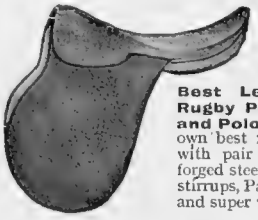


HUNTING and POLO SADDLES

Best Leather lined Rugby Panel Hunting and Polo Saddles, (our own best make), complete with pair of super hand-forged steel or super-nickel stirrups, Pair super leathers and super woollen girths **£11 11 0**

Best ordinary Serge-lined full Panel ditto Saddle, complete as above **£10 10 0**

Limited quantity ditto as above **£8 8 0**

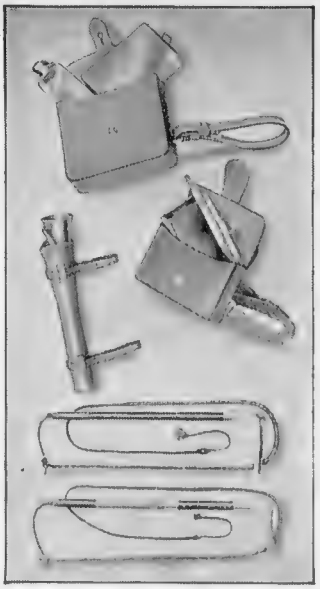
If with Folded Leather Girths 10/6 extra

LADIES' & GENT'S FLASKS

Hunting Flasks containing glass bottle with plated bayonet top **35/-**

HORSE CLOTHING

We are specialists in Summer and Winter Clothing and our Sheets, Rugs, Blankets, etc., are of Super quality at moderate prices.



Description of Goods Illustrated above:

Hunting Canteen, 5⅝in. × 5½in. × 1⅝in. containing Sandwich Box in Britannia Metal with fall-back lid and Hunting Flask, E.P. bayonet top **60/-**

Sandwich Box in Britannia Metal with fall-back lid in leather case 5½in. × 3½in. × 1in. deep, complete **30/-**

Copper Hunting Horns, each **15/-** and **12/6**

Leather Case for same, **18/6** and **22/6**

Hunting Whips, plaited leather silver mount with thong **25/-**

Ditto with E.P. mount **21/-**

Let us quote you for all your stable requirements.

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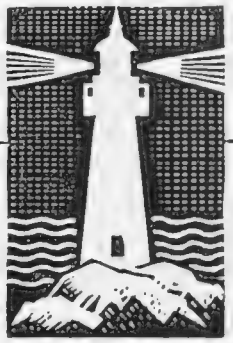

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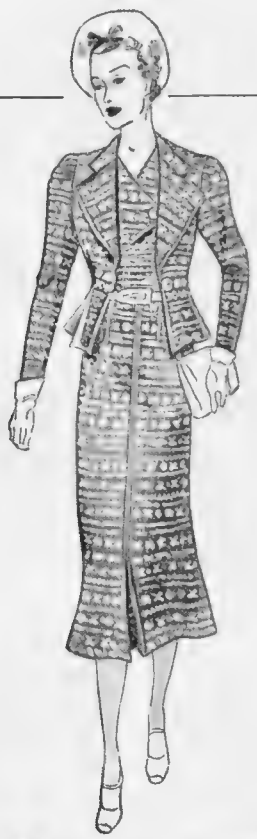

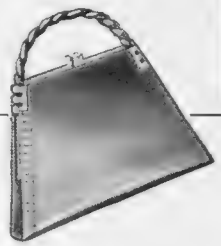

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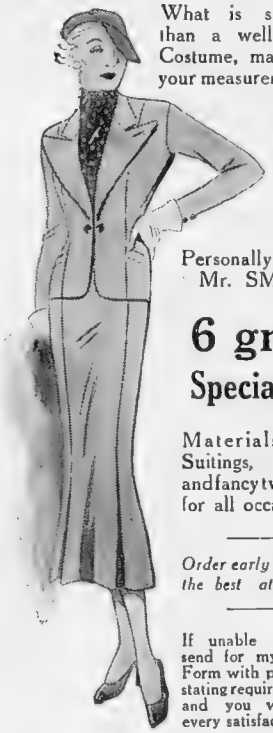

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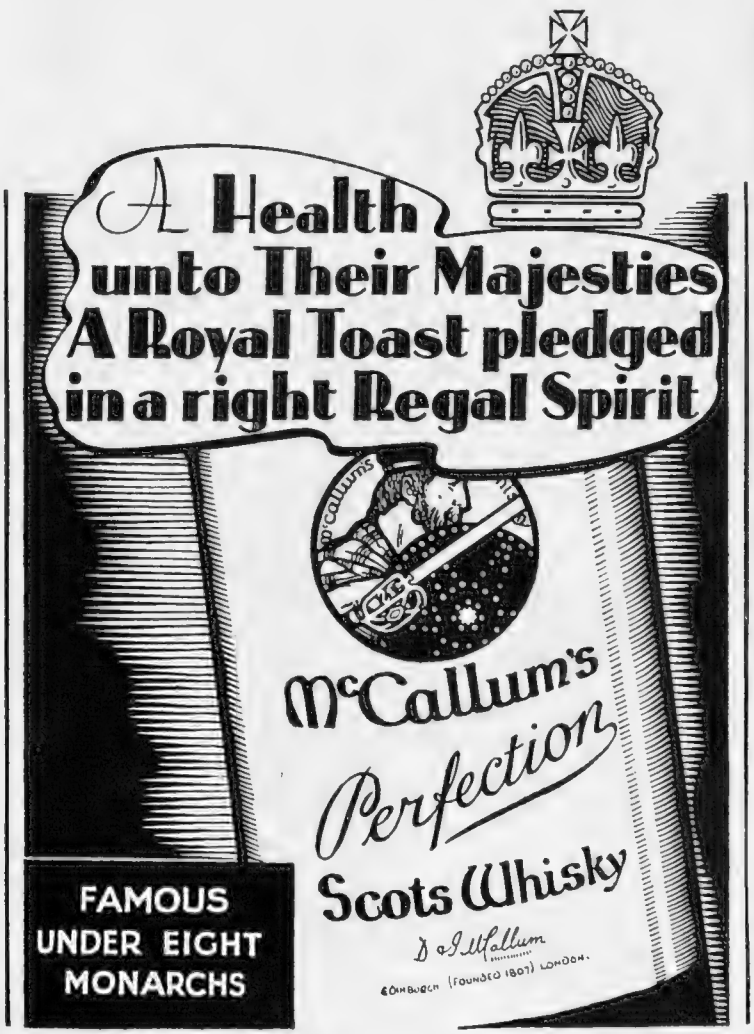

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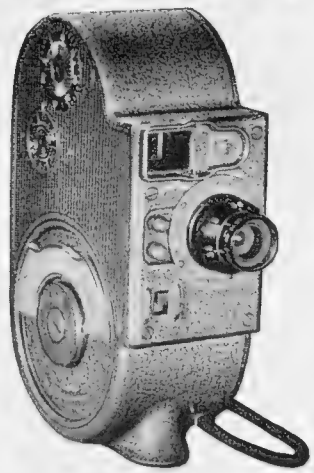

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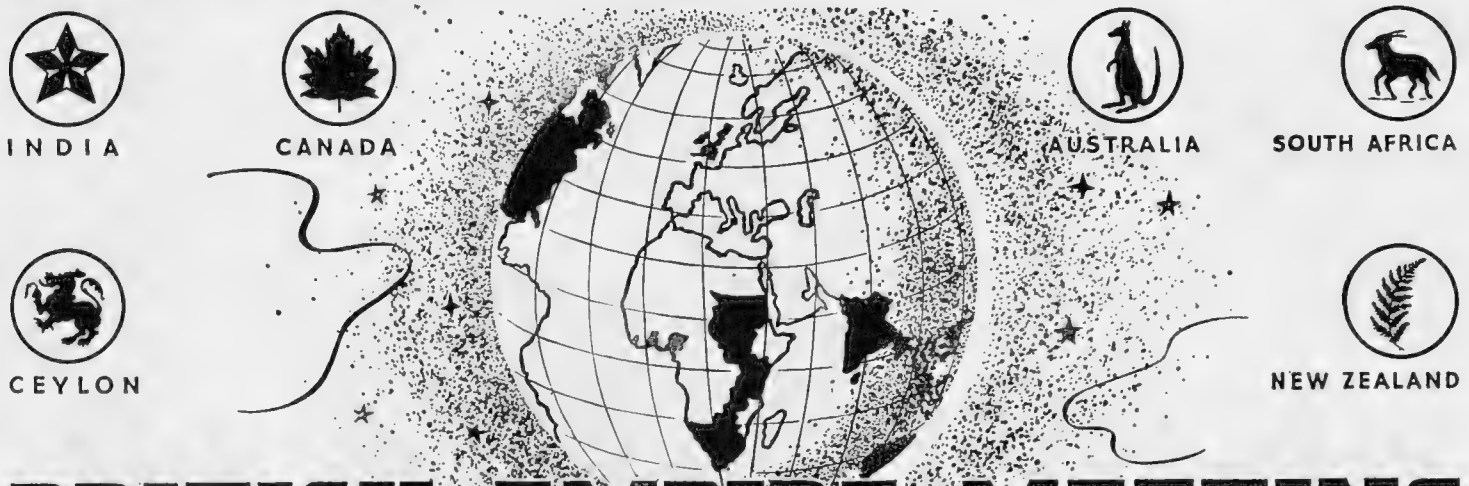

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Getting Married :

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Catherine Bell

Moira Goddard

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Goddard, of Burnt Stub, Chessington, Surrey, and is engaged to John Geoffrey Hooper, son of the late J. McKenzie Hooper and Mrs. Hooper, of South Gables, Limpsfield, Surrey

Kay Vaughan

Patience Mary Berry

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Berry, of Newnham Manor, Baldock, Herts., and is engaged to Richard Edward Lionel Beddington, eldest surviving son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. H. L. Beddington, of The Palace, Much Hadham, Herts.

Kay Vaughan

Mary Chaytor

Mary Margaret Elaine Chaytor, only daughter of the Master of St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, and Mrs. Chaytor, is engaged to Arnold Charles Trinder, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Trinder, of Pinewoods, Oxshott

Bassano

Meg Gold

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs Charles Millen Gold, of Kelstop, Potter' Bar, Middlesex, and is engaged t Capt. Frank John Whittington, 15t Punjab Regt., son of the late Capt. F. Whittington and Mrs. Whittington, of The Fairway, Raynes Par

Bassano

Jane Hurst

Is the only daughter of Sir Alfred and Lady Hurst, of Runnel Field, Harrow, and is engaged to John Brian Bransbury, younger son of the late Vernon Bransbury and Mrs. Stanley Denham, of 37, Hazlewell Road, S.W.15

Lenare

Daphne McBurney

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McBurney, of Merrival Lodge, Brockenhurst, late of Stockbridge, Mass., U.S.A.; she is engaged to Richard Malcolm Farmer, only son of the Rev. Malcolm Farmer, of Marston Gate, Brockenhurst

Hay Wrightson

Jean Hume-Gore

Is the only daughter of Lt.-Col. Hume-Gore, M.C., and Mrs. Robert Hannah, of Woodlands Lodge, Southampton; she is engaged to John Edmund Backhouse, R.A., eldest son of Admiral Sir Roger and Lady Backhouse, of The Old Manor Fareham, Hants.

Bassano

Zora Vieusseux

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Vieusseux, of Clay Hall, Enfield, and has announced her engagement to David Ross Todd, only son of Colonel and Mrs. David F. Todd, of Sunderland, Durham

Lafayette

Imogen Powell Edwards

Is the elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. H. I. Powell Edwards, of Odintune Place, Lewes, and is engaged to Edward Nevil Prescott, elder son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. H. C. Prescott, of The Clock House, Salfords, Surrey

Lenare

Greta Bushnell

Is the elder daughter of the Rev. G. D. S. and Mrs. Bushnell, of Hinton Charterhouse, Somerset; she is engaged to Ronald Graham-Campbell, second son of Sir Rollo and Lady Graham-Campbell, of 11, Cleveland Gardens, W.2

Lenare

Diana Vivien Johnson

Is the elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. Raymond B. Johnson, of Great Rissington, Gloucestershire, and is engaged to Harold Richardson, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Richardson, of Murray Bay, Quebec

Lenare

Jean Beryl Sinclair

Is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Meurice Sinclair, of 29, Westleigh Avenue, S.W.15; she is engaged to Capt Donald St. Clair Thom, Royal Tank Corps, only son of the late Col. Thom and Mrs. Thom, of 24, Bruntsfield Gardens, Edinburgh

Lowther — Busby

Thomas Hope Brendan Lowther, younger son of Mr. T. D. Lowther, of Queen Anne's Mansions, S.W.1, and Mary Joyce Busby, daughter of the late Charles Busby and Mrs. Busby, of 10, St. Simon's Avenue, S.W.15, were married at St. John's, Putney

Pitts — Hawke

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Dr. Geoffrey Turner Pitts, son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Arthur G. Pitts, of Penn Court, S.W.7, and Doreen Edith Hawke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Aysh Hawke, of 10, Bentinck Mansions, S.W.1. The best man was David Jackling, and the bridesmaids were Virginia Owen, Joan West, Jone Tustin, Betty Hawke and Joan Lambert

Stuart — Hall

At Christ Church, Kasuali, Simla Hills, India, Captain Nigel Stuart, 5th Frontier Force Rifles, youngest son of the late H. H. Stuart and Mrs. Stuart, of Red Cottage, Hailsham, married Mollie Hall, only daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Edward Hall, of Flagstaff House, Ambala, India

Benson — Adey

Lieut.-Comdr. John Benson, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Benson, of Barrow-in-Furness, married Bridget Mary Adey at Harpsden Church, Berks.; she is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Adey, of The Beeches, Harpsden

Trench — Waugh

Desmond Trench, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Crosbie Trench, of Stoke Manor, Great Bedwyn, Wilts., and Dorothy Waugh, daughter of the late Major H. C. Shewell, and Mrs. R. A. Waugh, of St. John's Wood, N.W., were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square

Hankey — Sidey

At Church Stanton, Richard Hankey, only son of Colonel and Mrs. Hankey, of Lewsdon Lodge, Roundsgate, Newton Abbot, married Katherine Allison Sidey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Sidey, of Westcombe, Culmhead, Taunton

Colgan — Hodgins

At Brompton Oratory, William Alexander Colgan, second son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Francis Colgan, of Enfield, Co. Meath, Ireland, married Pamela Margaret Hodgins, only daughter of the late Major R. Hodgins and Mrs. Hodgins, of 170, Clarence Gate Gardens, N.W.1

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

May 19 — May 25

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE ASCENT OF F 6.—Auden and Isherwood's iconoclastic social satire in verse has Barry Barnes, William Devlin and Ruth Taylor to interpret: Little, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

BATS IN THE BELFRY.—Aunt Lilian Braithwaite, with Henry Kendall opposite, decides the destiny of Lydia Sherwood and Vivien Leigh and others in an amusing comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GOOD FAIRY.—Diana Beaumont plays the usherette in Society in Gabriel Toyne's production of Molnar: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HENRY V.—A noble production by Guthrie with Laurence Olivier as the King, Jessica Tandy and Ivy St. Helier: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—Completely satisfying adaptation of the Brontë novel with Curigwen Lewis as Jane and Reginald Tate as Rochester: Aldwych, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—Harold French produces Isabel Jeans, Betty Stockfeld, Penelope Dudley-Ward and Peter Coke in this comedy: Strand, 8.30.

NIGHT ALONE.—Richard Bird is the making of this excellent little trifle: Duke of York's, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's first comedy for five years has divorce in the air and Leonora Corbett in the lead: Garrick, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

A SHIP COMES HOME.—Jack de Leon presents Daisy Fisher's play, with Mary Clure in the lead: St. Martin's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price)): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—White Russian plot is strong for a musical comedy, spectacle is splendid, music ordinary; Muriel Angelus and Roger Treville lead, Clifford Mollison in support: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BIG BUSINESS.—Bobby Howes, Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore and Wylie Watson are singly and collectively equal to all or no situation—mostly the latter: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello heads his own vast, romantic show, with Dorothy Dickson and Zena Dare and huge chorus: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GRAND DUCHESS.—Offenbach brought up to date is still tuneful and colourful, with Bruce Carfax, Enid Cruickshank and Richard Goolden: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOME AND BEAUTY.—Mostly good, Cochran's ponderous Coronation revue has Nelson Keys, Binnie Hale and Gitta Alpar on top of their respective forms: Adelphi, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ON YOUR TOES.—Revival of the witty musical with Vera Zorina, Jack Whiting and Olive Blakeney: Coliseum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slap-stick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff, and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

RED, BRIGHT AND BLUE.—Second of Charlot's non-stops is a Coronation revue, with Ronald Frankau and Rene Roberts: Vaudeville, 2.30-11.15.

REVUDEVILLE No. 92.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

REVUDEVILLE POT-POURRI.—Cocktail of the Van Damm show favourites—Gus Chevalier, Edna Wood, Doris Barry et alies: Piccadilly, 2-11.15 non-stop.

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SWING ALONG.—Leslie Henson's musical swings along as the best of its kind in London should, with Louise Browne, Fred Emney and Zelma O'Neal in support: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SWING IN THE AIR.—Flanagan and Allen fill a large part of this mixed bill, and Jack Hylton another large part: Palladium, 6.20 and 9.

Mirth and Mystery

AND THE MUSIC STOPPED.—Edmund Willard as a blackmailer and his brother in a Jekyll and Hyde murder thriller: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's sparkling long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple, in an effective if simple plot: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Leueen McGrath and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's hyper-romantic school play, with Frederick Leister in the name-part, J. H. Roberts and Joan White: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON AFTER DARK.—Marion Lorne tremulously in trouble again with a typical Hackett plot whose suspense is well maintained: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—A revival of the musical burlesque on our rough island's story: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WISE TO-MORROW.—Almost enthralling and almost witty, the plot gives Martita Hunt and Diana Churchill good chances, and Naunton Wayne some good lines: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

THE CONSTANT WIFE.—Ruth Chatterton's first English stage appearance in Maugham's play: Globe, to-night, 19th.

PAGANINI.—Cochran presents, Guthrie produces, Stern decorates Lehar's operetta, with Tauber and Evelyn Laye in the lead: Lyceum, Thurs., 20th.

CINEMAS

BURGTHEATER (Viennese).—Willy Forst's film, set in the famous Vienna theatre, is a drama of youth and age with Wernher Krauss, Willy Eichenberger, Olga Tschekowa and new star Hortense Raky: Academy.

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS (American).—Another Kipling novel to be made film, with Freddie Bartholomew, Spencer Tracy and Lionel Barrymore: Empire.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE (American).—Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland in a dramatic and inspiring (if incorrect) historical: Marble Arch Pavilion.

FAREWELL AGAIN (British).—Flora Robson and Leslie Banks star in a film with an Army background; also Patricia Hilliard: Plaza.

HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT (American).—Charles Boyer in a less sombre rôle gets the girl this time—Jean Arthur: Leicester Square.

LOST HORIZON (American).—Capra's newest from Hilton's book is almost convincing apart from some watery philosophy; Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Edward Everett Horton: Tivoli.

MOONLIGHT SONATA (British).—Paderewski and Marie Tempest in a romantic old-world tale, with a musical (of course) atmosphere: London Pavilion.

O-KAY FOR SOUND (British).—The crazy gang (Flanagan, Allen, Naughton, Gold, Nervo, Knox) in the Palladium slap-stick revue: New Gallery.

PÉPÉ LE MOKO (French).—Mireille Balin and Jean Gabin lead in a tale of Apaches in the native quarter of Algiers; high standard of taut integrity: Curzon.

PRINCE AND THE PAUPER (American).—Errol Flynn is the star in a piece of English history based on Mark Twain: Gaumont.

SHALL WE DANCE? (American).—The newest Astaire-Rogers has Gershwin's music and Harriet Hoctor in support: Regal.

OPERA

CORONATION SEASON OF INTERNATIONAL OPERA: Covent Garden, under Beecham's Artistic Direction; London Philharmonic Orchestra; collaboration of the Paris Grand Opera and Opéra Comique, and de Basil's Ballets Russes; conductors bracketed after name of opera:

SIEGFRIED (Furtwangler).—To-night, 19th, 5.30.
CARMEN (Beecham).—Thurs., 20th, 8.
GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG (Furtwangler).—Friday, 21st, 5.
DAS RHEINGOLD (Furtwangler).—Mon., 24th, 8.30.
PELLÉAS ET MÉLISANDE (Gaubert).—Tues., 25th, 7.45.

SADLER'S WELLS:

DIE FLEDERMAUS.—To-night, 19th, 8.
THE MAGIC FLUTE.—Thurs., 20th, 8.
CARMEN.—Sat., 22nd, 2.30.
LA BOHÈME.—Sat., 22nd, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

PROMOTHEUS, LES PATINEURS, AURORA PAS DE DEUX. FAÇADE.—Fri., 21st, 8.30.

MARKOVA-DOLIN.—Representative programme of Ballets and Divertissements: King's Theatre, Hammersmith 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MUSIC

LAWRENCE TIBBETT.—Recital by the American baritone, with Daisy Kennedy: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 20th, 8.30.

CORONATION CONCERT.—Wood conducts the R.A. Student Choir and Orchestra, with Myra Hess, may Blyth, Arthur Fear: Queen's Hall, Fri., 21st, 8.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Harry Richman at midnight; there's the balcony for the unchanged; Lew Stone's band: extension, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER.—Morris and Cordoba are in the midnight floor show; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—"Coronation Cabaret"; stars include the brilliant De Marcos; Sydney Lipton's band: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE RESTAURANT.—A place to dine or sup and dance in day or evening clothes; no cabaret, but two bands; Brian Lawrence and the Ginx Quartet.

LONDON CASINO.—You can watch "Folies d'Amour" during dinner and supper, and dance between to Jack Harris's two bands.

MAY FAIR.—There's always a three-turn cabaret; you can dance to Billy Bissett's band: extension, Friday.

PICCADILLY.—"Beauty Marches On" is the Coronation midnight floor show; a few turns at 10.15; Billy Gerhardi's band: extension, Friday.

QUAGLINO'S.—Crowded and smart; cabaret at midnight; dancing to Van Straten's band, and unchanged in the Grill: extension, Wednesday.

RITZ.—Café chantant—three good turns and dancing between; Joe Kaye's band: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—You must change to dance, but not to eat and look on; cabaret at midnight; Ben Oakley's band.

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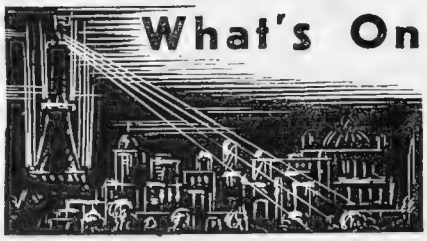

The "Bystander's" Guide to Paris During the Exhibition

THE opening date of the eagerly awaited Paris 1937 Exhibition has at last been definitely set: May 24th. The President of France, M. Lebrun, will inaugurate this great international manifestation of peace.

EXHIBITION NEWS

The scope of this Exhibition is immense, as its title indicates: The Paris International Exhibition of Arts, Crafts, and Sciences in Modern Life. Over fifty-four countries will participate in showing to the world the progress that has been made in these domains since the great World's Fair of 1900.

This little column has been created, however, not to give a description of the wonders to be seen at the Exhibition, but to give visitors a bird's-eye view of its various activities and fêtes. It will be a complete weekly programme, and by following it, the readers of the BYSTANDER can make the most of their visit to Paris for the Exhibition.

FESTIVALS

Two hundred elaborate fêtes have been arranged by the Committee in charge of the Exhibition for the entertainment of visitors. In particular, the National Holiday, July 14th, will be the occasion of the most spectacular celebration of its kind ever seen in France. Torchlight processions will follow the daytime parades, and the Seine will be the scene of a great water carnival. Lighted boats and fireworks will offer a sight of unforgettable magnificence.

ENTERTAINMENTS

All the leading theatres and cinemas are preparing gala performances. The Théâtre des Champs-Élysées has been transformed into the Exhibition's International Theatre, where the most famous foreign actors and actresses will appear.

Another delightful innovation of the Exhibition will be the foreign restaurants. The palaces of various nations: Hungary, Italy, Sweden, Great Britain, and many others, will include restaurants where tourists can enjoy the special foods of the respective countries. Needless to say, all Parisian restaurants serve excellent French cuisine.

New cabarets, and "boîtes-de-nuits" are springing up like mushrooms in Montparnasse and Montmartre.

DIVERSE

For lovers of the turf there will be smart night races at Longchamp, an International Horse Show. Musicians will appreciate the opportunity to hear concerts of famed orchestras, soloists, and military bands. Business men will be interested in the various conventions, the Industry and Science exhibits. Women will be fascinated by the style shows which the great couturiers of Paris are organising for the Exhibition. No matter what your particular interest in life, you will find something of personal importance to you at the Exhibition.

The Exhibition authorities have promised to give us the very latest news of forthcoming Exhibition events for this column, so that readers can be kept perfectly informed and make their travel plans accordingly.

OUT OF TOWN

VERSAILLES, only a half hour from Paris, will be a centre of interesting activities as well. Marie Antoinette's private theatre has been restored to its antique exquisite beauty, and several concerts of eighteenth-century music, as well as plays, will be given there. Perhaps you will be so delighted with this historic town you will want to stay there a few days. The Hôtel Trianon—one of Marlene Dietrich's favourite places—offers excellent accommodation.

THEATRES

YVONNE PRINTEMPS has delighted old admirers and won many new hearts in the most charming operetta of the season, *Trois Valses*, at the Bouffes-Parisiens. Her success in London is still remembered by many who will enjoy seeing her again in a rôle which gives her every opportunity to display her charms and her magnificent voice. The music of the operetta is by Johann Strauss, père and fils, and Oscar Straus. All the critics have praised this typically Parisian yet typically Viennese performance.

CINEMAS

Visitors coming over for a second time are always amazed at the transformation of the Champs-Élysées. What used to be a sedate—and, it must be confessed, slightly dull—thoroughfare, has become the liveliest cinema section of the city. The

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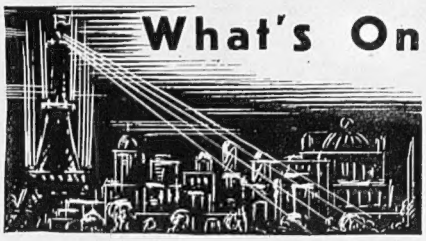
PARIS 1937



The "Bystander's" Guide to Paris During the Exhibition

(Contd.)

Marignan is the largest and most luxurious of all the theatres, but is very moderately priced. The quality of its productions can be judged from the fact that Sacha Guitry's world premiere of his new film, *The Pearls of the Crown*, was held at the Marignan. Other cinemas which make a speciality of American and English films are the Balzac, on the Rue Balzac, just off the Champs-Élysées, the smart Cinema Marbeuf in the Rue Marbeuf, and nearer the Arc de Triomphe, the Cinema des Champs-Élysées, where Frank Capra's noteworthy film, *Lost Horizon*, attracts crowds every day. L'Aiglon, a beautifully decorated cinema on the Rue Washington, also in the same quarter, always offers a double-feature programme. After the cinema or theatre you can enjoy a refreshing drink or delicious supper at the Café-Restaurant Hungaria, which is exceedingly popular among Parisians because of its gay gipsy hand and two other excellent orchestras.

BARS

One of the special pleasures of Paris is hunting congenial bars at cocktail time. But when you have discovered the Ascot Bar you will probably not look any further. There is a charming English hostess, but the atmosphere of the bar is quite cosmopolitan. The Ascot is conveniently located, too, on the rue Pierre-Charon, almost at the corner of the Champs-Élysées.

HOTELS

If you don't know Paris, one of the perplexing problems is to find a really comfortable and quiet hotel. There are quite a number of such hotels, but generally they are located in distant quarters. However, the Royal Monceau on the aristocratic Avenue Hoche, in sight of the Arc de Triomphe, and the Hotel California, on the rue de Berri, within a block of the Champs-Élysées, are perfectly situated—and their service is perfection, too. The luxurious Crillon, on the Place de la Concorde, is, of course, in a class of its own.

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